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SEELEY'S LIFE AND TIMES OF STEIN.

THIS is, it has been truly said, as solid, honest a bit of literary work as has been laid before the British public for some time—a bit of work creditable in many ways to the already distinguished man of letters who has done it, and certain to be useful to the student.

Professor Seeley does not tell us how he came to write it, but an explanation which we have already seen in print seems a very plausible one. The great events of 1866 and 1870 sent back his thoughts two generations to the day of Prussia's disasters, and he thought he would like to frame for himself and others a theory as to how the process began which transformed the vanquished of Jena into the victor of Königgrätz and Sedan. Seeking about for some figure to make the centre of the story he had to tell, he was naturally brought to Stein, not because Stein's brain could be said to be the source of the Prussian revival, but because he was on the whole the biggest man in the group of extremely remarkable people out of whose brains came that revival.

The work before us is, however, much more than a history of Stein, it is a history of Stein and his times, more especially a history of the anti-Napoleonic movement in Germany; but in reviewing it it will be necessary, in order to leave on the mind of the reader any tolerably definite impression, to stick as closely as possible to Stein himself, and to refer all those who wish to know more about his

environment and the many contemporary events to Professor Seeley's copious narrative.

Heinrich Friedrich Karl vom und zum Stein, *of and at the Rock*, was born in 1757, ten days before the battle of Rosbach, at the old mansion in the town of Nassau to which his ancestors had migrated from the grim fastness hard by, where they had lived till it was burned down in the Thirty Years' War.

The Steins belonged to the Imperial Knighthood, were, in other words, infinitesimally small potentates dependent directly on the Holy Roman Empire, loved as little by the larger princes, of whom they were miniature copies, as by their humbler neighbours of every degree. The future statesman was one of ten children, the most distinguished of whom next to himself was Louise, who, as a girl, was beloved by Hardenberg and admired in later life by Goethe. The poet, writing to the more famous Frau von Stein, who was, by the way, no relation of hers, says:—"What is genius in art she has in the art of life! She knows the greatest part of what is distinguished, rich, beautiful, intelligent in Europe, either directly or indirectly, and has present to her mind, in the highest sense of the word, the life and actions and relations of so many people."

Stein does not appear to have been sent to any school, but in 1773 he went with a private tutor to Göttingen, the great Hanoverian University,

which then formed part of the possessions of the King of England, and where the young student was powerfully influenced by English ideas in the domain of history and politics.

In 1777 he left the university and entered on somewhat extensive travels, during the course of which he visited various German courts, ran down into Hungary, and lingered for some time at Wetzlar, the chief seat of the Imperial judiciary; at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Diet; at Mainz, the residence of the highest Imperial official; and at Vienna, the seat of the Presence itself.

Stein's intention, when he set out on his travels, was to follow the profession which came naturally to a younger son of an Imperial knightly house who did not adopt the career of arms, and to become connected with the law-courts of the Empire. What he saw of them, however, at Wetzlar and elsewhere did not please him, and he entered the Prussian Administration instead, in the Mining Department. He seems to have been led to this partly by admiration for the Great King, and partly by a liking for the sort of work he would have to do, while the step, strange at first sight, was made less disagreeable to his family than it might have been, from the fact that the accidents of German politics had made Frederick for the moment the champion of conservatism against the innovating tendencies of Joseph II.

The youth was fortunate in securing the patronage and, what was far better, the guidance, of Heinitz, a type of the very best kind of Prussian bureaucrat, and the best kind of Prussian bureaucrat was, even in those days, far from a bad thing. He rose quickly in his own branch of the service, and was employed out of it in several missions of importance; but he had no taste for diplomacy, and was on the contrary exactly the sort of man of whom we have so many specimens in India, a man who throws his whole soul into the improving and well-ordering, first of a district, then of a province, and

lastly of a whole country. The highest example of this order of statesman which is to be found in European history is Turgot, and Mr. Seeley considers that the life of that supremely great man was not without its influence on his hero.

The outbreak of the French Revolution found Stein engaged in the comparatively quiet activities of a provincial administrator, and that convulsion produced no great change in his way of life except in so far as that from time to time he had to look after the provisioning of large bodies of troops, and thus to make practical acquaintance with some of the duties of a war minister. During this period, too, he increased his knowledge of applied science, and married the Countess Wilhelmina von Walmoden-Gimborn, through whom he became more closely connected with the Hanoverian nobility. His marriage was as prosaic a proceeding as it well could be, and it seemed at first to him that he had not even secured a tolerably agreeable companion. Things mended, however, in this respect, and his wife showed in the end much strength of character, although but little brilliancy or charm.

The year 1796 brought to Stein promotion in the career of provincial administration, and in 1802 there was for a moment a question of his becoming a minister in Hanover. He declined the offer, however, and remained in the Prussian service, occupied largely in reconciling, as best he might, to the rule of his sovereign the people of the Bishopric of Münster, which had been recently annexed to the great northern kingdom. A little later the wave of change which had overwhelmed the ecclesiastical sovereignties struck the imperial knights also, and Stein's little territories were calmly seized by his neighbour of Nassau. To oppose force to force was out of the question, but the injured baron wrote a remarkable letter to the aggressor, a letter which not obscurely hints the *hodie mihi, cras tibi*—and was in fact a

prophecy whose accomplishment we have lived to witness.

Ere long, however, the more obscure era of Stein's labours was to come to an end. He was summoned to Berlin to take, much against his will, the portfolio of Finance, and although at first the kind of questions which came before him—the re-organisation of the Salt Department and such like—were not unfamiliar, he had soon to find the sinews of war for Prussia's struggle with Napoleon. That struggle ended, as all men know, in a terrible catastrophe, the causes of which are investigated and very clearly set forth by Mr. Seeley in about 100 pages. They may, putting aside accidents, be summed up under two heads. The army created by Frederick William I., and inspired by the Great Frederick, was no longer either organised with reference to the necessities of the time nor led by a man of genius, and the civil administration was deplorable. As to the second of these causes, I shall have something to say presently. With regard to the first, the following remarks, taken from a paper by Gneisenau, will put the reader upon the right track :—

“ The inability of the Duke of Brunswick to form a sound plan of a campaign, the irresolution so natural at his age, his bad fortune in the field, the army's distrust of him, the dissensions of the chiefs of the staff, the neutralising of some of its ablest members, our army's want of practice in war, the want of preparation for it visible in almost all departments, the habit formed in the years of peace of occupying it with useless minutiae of elementary tactics, invented to gratify the people's love of shows ; our system of recruiting, with all its exemptions, which obliged only a part of the nation to bear arms, and prolonged the term of service of this part unreasonably, so that in consequence it served with reluctance, and was only kept together by discipline ; our system of encouraging population, which allowed the soldier to burden himself with a family, the support of which, when war called him from his hearth, was mostly left to public charity, and whose lot often made the anxious father long for the end of the war ; the system of furloughs, which tempted the chief of a company by his pecuniary interest to send the recruit home half-drilled ; the bad condition of our regimental artillery, which could never

vie with the numerous horse artillery of the French ; the bad quality of our weapons, the incapacity of most of our generals, and, to sum up all, our conceit, which did not allow us to advance with the time, forced from the patriot a secret sigh, and nothing remained to depend on but the intelligence of most of our officers.”

Once installed as a minister, Stein soon became involved in what must be called the intrigues, though proper and salutary intrigues, which the wretched state of the higher Prussian administration rendered necessary. The whole system had depended on a powerful driving-wheel, and that powerful driving-wheel the king. Now, however, there sat on the throne one of the weakest princes of his line, Frederick William III. The result of his character acting on public affairs was the growth of a camarilla which stood between the ministers and the Crown, a camarilla composed of persons quite unfit to hold the helm of the state even in moderate weather, and dangerously unfit to do so in the terrible year of Jena. After much hesitation and many difficulties, Stein was offered the portfolio of foreign affairs. This, being a man of honour and good sense, he forthwith declined, for the excellent reason that he knew nothing whatever of its duties, and possessed neither acquaintance with nor special aptitude for the matters with which he would have had to deal. The letter in which he declined was written in ill-humour, and in the pedantic language which long years of bureaucratic sentence-making had engrafted on the not originally good style of the writer ; but I cannot agree with Professor Seeley, who, like most biographers, is in general only too indulgent to him, when he describes Stein's conduct as the offspring of bureaucratic punctilio. When Stein refused a department for the work of which he felt himself peculiarly unfitted, he took a perfectly just view of the situation. The old Prussian bureaucracy had its faults, and plenty of them, but it was not on Prussian soil that grew up the impudent saying, “ Any one has

sufficient ability to perform the duties of any office which he has sufficient influence to obtain."

The intrigues to which I have alluded ended in a furious correspondence between the king and Stein, a correspondence which was to the credit of neither party. That correspondence could have had no conclusion except the one it had, the temporary disappearance of Stein from the Prussian service. He retired first to Königsberg, next to Danzig, and then to his estates at Nassau, where he occupied himself with revolving plans for reforming the administration, for introducing self-government in the towns, and with sketching out a programme of change which should bring about the abolition of serfdom and improve the condition of the peasantry.

Soon, however, Napoleon's intense dislike to Hardenberg brought about the fall of that statesman, and Stein returned to power, not as the head of a department peculiarly alien to his taste, but as a kind of ministerial dictator, a position for which his strong will and great knowledge of the internal affairs of the state peculiarly fitted him, in the opinion of the best politicians whom Prussia could boast of in that dreary time. His assuming this high office was perfectly consistent with his refusal of the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Hardenberg was, in his view, the proper man to be Foreign Minister, while he himself was by all his previous training as well as by his cast of thought marked out for a Home Minister.

"If" (says Professor Seeley) "we compare Stein's dictatorship with Hardenberg's, we may see that it has the difference which might be expected from the fact that in the interval between them the war had come to an end. Hardenberg is a foreign minister, to whom, in order to increase the military efficiency of the government, a control over the other departments is given in addition. Stein is a home minister in a state ruined by war and misfortune, to whom a similar control over the other departments is given, that he may accomplish a work of extensive but peaceful reconstruction."

Even as Home Minister however he

was not a magician who, by arriving suddenly on the scene, brought order out of chaos. His work was facilitated by the labours of several men who had been working hard when he was living in retirement, and who in some respects inferior were in others quite equal to himself. These were Schön, Altenstein, Stägemann, Schrötter, Auerswald, and Niebuhr. Professor Seeley examines at some length the share which several of these persons had in preparing the reforms which made Stein's reputation, and no one can read what he says without seeing that he wishes to be scrupulously just. I am inclined, however, to think that he has been misled by a very honourable scruple into being a little unjust to more than one of them, especially perhaps to Schön. There seems to me in all this biography a sort of undertone of "I am a professor myself; I must avoid the natural temptation of a man of thought to lean rather to those who are like himself than to the men of action." The analogy which he draws between the kind of work done by Stein and that done by Charles Earl Grey cannot be sustained. The difficulties in the way of the English statesman were quite enormously greater. I must, however, content myself with merely a hint to the reader, and pass on.

Stein's own view of his duties was extremely sane, and worthy of his clear and downright intelligence.

"At present," he wrote, "when the state is still occupied by a foreign power, the province of the internal administration is very confined, and foreign relations also are very simple, and the arrangements under which the general conduct of civil affairs can be carried on are different from those under which it will be proper to carry it on after the re-occupation of the land.

"When the monarchy is recovered and a free independent administration is restored, other administrative institutions will be formed, and the relation of the minister towards these will become somewhat different, with a view to which a special plan may be elaborated by way of preparation.

"In other words" (Professor Seeley continues), "Stein considered that his first business was to pay the French and get rid of

them. When this was done, he thought that it would fall to him to establish a new administrative system, which should be free from the faults which had proved so fatal in the old."

Scarcely, however, had he entered on his task than he found that it was very much harder than he anticipated. The French had no mind to be got rid of. They kept raising and raising their demands, till it was but too clear that they wished not to punish, but to crush Prussia.

The effort to propitiate the dragon which was tearing the vitals of the state was Stein's chief concern during his short-lived dictatorship. The great legislative change, which will be always connected with his name, was only his second care. This great legislative change was the Emancipating Edict, which abolished caste both in land and in persons.

Here are its chief clauses:—

CLAUSE I.—FREEDOM OF EXCHANGE IN LAND.

"Every inhabitant of our states is competent, without any limitation on the part of the state, to possess, either as property or pledge, landed estates of every kind; the nobleman, therefore, to possess not only noble but also non-noble citizen and peasant lands of every kind, and the citizen and peasant to possess not only citizen, peasant, and other non-noble, but also noble pieces of land, without either the one or the other needing any special permission for any acquisition of land whatever, although, henceforward as before, each change of possession must be announced to the authorities."

II.—FREE CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

"Every noble is henceforth permitted, without any derogation from his position, to exercise citizen occupations; and every citizen or peasant is allowed to pass from the peasant into the citizen class, or from the citizen into the peasant class."

X.—ABOLITION OF VILLAINAGE.

"From the date of this ordinance, no new relation of villainage, whether by birth, or marriage, or acquisition of a villain holding, or by contract, can come into existence."

XI.

"With the publication of the present ordinance, the existing condition of villainage, of those villains, with their wives and children, who possess their peasant-holdings by hereditary tenures of whatever kind, ceases entirely both with its rights and duties."

XII.

"From Martinmas, 1810, ceases all villainage in our entire states. From Martinmas, 1810, there shall be only free persons, as this is already the case upon the domains in all our provinces; free persons, however, still subject, as a matter of course, to all the obligations which bind them as free persons by virtue of the possession of an estate or by virtue of a special contract."

To these were added certain minor provisions, the wisdom of some of which is at least doubtful.

At this point the careful reader of Professor Seeley's book should turn to Mr. Morier's excellent paper on the land tenure of Germany, printed by the Cobden Club, in which he will find set forth with the utmost care, not only the history of the conflict between Stein and the economists, the pupils of Adam Smith and Kraus, but also the relations of Stein's measure to the later legislation of 1811 and 1850, with neither of which Stein, who was otherwise occupied in the first year, and dead in the second, had anything to do.

In addition to the Emancipating Edict the name of Stein is connected with the abolition of some oppressive monopolies, with the beginnings of a municipal system, and with successful attempts at administrative reform. All that he did in these ways is set forth very carefully by Professor Seeley, but the reader, when he has come to the end of it, will rather wonder that he got so much credit for what seems so little, than that he accomplished so much. The truth is that we who are not Stein's contemporaries cannot realise to ourselves how strong were the forces which were arrayed against him. A letter from Yorck, the famous soldier, gives some idea of the almost maniacal hatred which Stein excited amongst the sinister interests affected by his reforms—reforms for the time sweeping, though to our eyes very moderate. It would be almost impossible to interest any reader in the details of what he did, and Professor Seeley does not make any approach to doing so; but the fact remains that the best men who

lived through the period of Stein's administration give him the greatest praise. If in almost every department he owed much—very much—to able instruments, Schön, Stägemann, Vincke, and so many more, that is only the common case of all great ministers. How many people in this country, out of the West End of London, know the name of Sir Henry Thring, and yet who, that has been at all behind the scenes, is ignorant of the very considerable part he has played in British legislation during the last half generation?

The old Prussian administrative system, which had worked extremely well under the minute and restless supervision of the Great King, who inherited the Nürnberg business habits of the Hohenzollern family, broke down pitifully in the hands of weaker men, and to Stein must belong the credit of having initiated reforms which, in the words of Mr. Morier, led to the "creation of the ablest and the most patriotic bureaucracy which ever weakened the plea of self-government by the plea of good government."

Stein's attention was turned in a new direction by the Spanish insurrection, by the lectures of Fichte at Berlin, and by the feeling gradually forced upon him, thanks to the frightful exactions of the French, that even the most unfortunate war could hardly ruin Prussia more effectually than she was already ruined. He set to work strenuously to prepare for another struggle. It has been said that he worked through the *Moral and Scientific Union*, better known by its popular name of the *Tugendbund*, but Professor Seeley shows that this is an error.

Stein was connected with some societies whose objects were akin to those of the *Tugendbund*, but not with that particular organisation. To the army reforms of the king and Scharnhorst he gave his fullest sympathy, and an account of them is one of the most valuable portions of these three volumes.

Amongst the many parts, however, which Stein was unfit to play was that of a successful conspirator, and a curiously maladroitness letter which he had written, falling into the hands of Napoleon, led first to his retirement and then to his proscription.

The king, in taking leave of him, expressed himself thus:—

"It is indeed a most painful feeling to me that I am compelled to part with a man of your sort, who had the most just claim on my confidence, and at the same time had the public confidence, in the most lively degree.

"It is a consolation that these reflexions—and with them the consciousness of having laid the first foundation, given the first impulse to a new-improved and strengthened organisation of the fabric of the state, which lay in ruins—must afford you the deepest and at the same time the noblest satisfaction and solace."

It would be difficult to sum up more neatly Stein's ministerial career. He gathered into one the best ideas which were afloat, and bringing his great force of character to bear—a force of character which secured him confidence outside and acquiescence inside the court, gave the first impulse to a new improved and strengthened organisation of the Prussian monarchy.

He left a political testament behind him, not an elaborate document like that which is connected with the name of Hardenberg, but a short summary of what he thought necessary for the good of the state. The hand that held the pen was Schön's, but Professor Seeley has no difficulty in showing that the views expressed were really Stein's, and that the fallen minister's powerful individuality had impressed itself most strongly on all who were brought into contact with him.

Denounced by Napoleon in a decree signed at Madrid as "Le nommé Stein," he had to fly for his life, and, aided by various friends, he escaped to Prague, where he renewed his acquaintance with the publicist Gentz, to whom Professor Seeley pays the very undue compliment of describing him as the "Burke of Germany." From Prague he went to Brünn, where

he passed three years in close retirement.

An interesting, though highly-coloured description of him as he appeared at this time, by the Russian Count Uwaroff, is quoted by Professor Seeley, but is too long to reproduce here. Varnhagen von Ense saw him also in his exile, and has left another remarkable account of him, in which occurs the following paragraph, which explains a great deal.

"His rapidity and impatience were closely connected with his bodily organisation. He once asked me the rate of my pulse, and then, with a laugh, held out his wrist, and bade me count the beats. They were more than a hundred to the minute. He declared that that had always been his ordinary pulse when he was in perfect health. He seemed to regard this peculiarity as a charter from nature, allowing him to indulge in more fiery ebullitions than other people."

Meanwhile things took their course. Austria was crushed; Schill was killed; the Walcheren expedition, badly conceived and badly executed, turned out a hideous failure.

Hardenberg came back to carry on the reforms which were in the air of Prussia, and to write as it were a second chapter to Stein's introduction, dealing at first chiefly with finance and administrative organisation, and, afterwards, improving the position of the Treasury, and even creating a short-lived national representation, while even before that W. von Humboldt had done a greater ultimate good to mankind than either of them by founding the University of Berlin.

"In him," says Professor Seeley, with profound truth, "meet and are reconciled the two views of life which found their most extreme representatives in Goethe and Stein."

Unhappily Prussia had not yet reached the lowest depth. That came when she was forced by the decision of the king, formed in the teeth of the advice of his principal ministers, to take the side of Napoleon against Russia—a proceeding of which, however, we may perhaps use the old phrase "*felix culpa*," for without it the

catastrophe of the French Empire in 1812 would certainly not have been nearly so great.

Ere long the relations between Russia and France, which had long been getting from bad to worse, ended in open war, and the Emperor Alexander, who had been impressed some years before by Stein's conversation and knew his character, summoned him from his retreat. The ex-minister, who had at a previous period thought of taking service in Russia, obeyed the summons, but wisely declined any regular employment, preferring to be a sort of adviser without portfolio, especially trusted in all that related to Germany.

This began the third period of his activity. We have seen him as the provincial administrator and as the reforming minister; we are now to see him as the adviser of the Czar, exercising a considerable influence on European affairs, for the advantage of what his friend Arndt, who became connected with him immediately after he went to Russia, would have called "the Fatherland."

What may have been the amount of the influence exercised by Stein over the mind of Alexander must remain an open question, but it certainly was, as far as it went, applied in a right direction.

The following extract from a letter to Count Münster does great credit to his statesmanlike insight, an insight sharpened by his Imperial-knightly jealousy of the minor princes and his dislike to the Prussian ministers:—

"I am sorry that your Excellency spies a Prussian in me and discovers a Hanoverian in yourself. I have but one Fatherland, which is called Germany, and since, according to the old constitution, I belonged to it alone, and to no particular part of it—to it alone, and not to any part of it, I am devoted with my whole heart. To me in this great moment of transition the dynasties are completely indifferent; they are mere instruments. My wish is that Germany should become great and strong, that she may recover her independence, her self-government, and her nationality, and may assert them in her position between France and Russia; that is the interest of the nation

and of all Europe. It cannot be maintained in the routine of old, decayed, and rotten forms; this would be like desiring to ground the system of an artificial military frontier on the ruins of the old castles of the knights, and the towns fortified with walls and towers, while the ideas of Vauban, Coehorn, and Montalembert were rejected. My confession of faith is unity, and if that is not attainable, then some shift, some transition stage.

"Put what you will in the place of Prussia, dissolve it, strengthen Austria by Silesia and the Electoral Mark and North Germany, excluding the banished princes; bring back Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden to their condition before 1802, and make Austria mistress of Germany. I wish it, it is good, if it is practicable; only cease to think of the old Montagues and Capulets, and those ornaments of old knightly halls. If the bloody contest which Germany has maintained with bad fortune for twenty years, and to which it is now challenged again, is to end with a farce, at any rate I would rather have nothing to do with it, but shall return with joy and haste into private life."

Very curious in its bearing on the events of 1866, and less creditable to his sagacity, is Count Münster's reply:—

"You say that the dynasties are indifferent to you. They are not so to me. There rules in them a spirit which can be traced through centuries. Read what Johannes Müller says in his *League of Princes* about the Guelph House. May I refer to the glory of the Guelphs, whose unbending heroism has made their name a watchword of freedom? &c. Even England has never been so free as under the Three Georges, and the Fourth will bring the same mind to the throne. Compare with that the Prussian cudgel and ramrod! I honour Frederick the Great, and yet he has caused the ruin of Germany by aggrandising her, and that of his own state by creating a body which could only be kept alive by a great spirit which departed with him. When I showed this passage of your letter to the Regent, he said: 'If the dynasties are indifferent to Stein, why does not he name us instead of Prussia?'

"I should like to put the same question.

"Prussia's power survives only in memory. She may continue between the Weichsel and Elbe as a power of the second or third rank. Why should not Russia have the Weichsel as a reward for her deeds? Why should Prussia receive back the possessions she ceded in former treaties, only to extend the area of her vexations, and to intrigue with France? On the other hand, consider what I have said to your Excellency on the formation of a great state between the Elbe and the Rhine out of possessions left without a master. It was in-

tended to find in this region an indemnity for Norway; but Denmark's want of sense and the opposition of the Germans will, it is to be hoped, prevent that."

Right however as was the direction in which Stein wished to move, his first efforts were not very successful. He tried to organise a resistance to the French in Germany, working through secret agents, pamphlets, proclamations, and the like; but they all came to very little.

Meantime the hosts of Napoleon advanced successfully, and for a moment it seemed likely that Alexander would yield. This, as we all know, did not happen, and some have found in Stein the cause of his unwonted firmness. Professor Seeley is candid enough not to take this view. The firmness of Alexander was due to the pressure of public opinion, and perhaps also to a gust of mystical feeling.

Important events now succeeded each other with great rapidity. Yorck, finding himself in an impossible position, declared against the French, and concluded a convention with the Russians, thereby going far to force the hand of the King of Prussia and his ministers, who denounced him more energetically than sincerely. Stein, appointed by the Czar to organise an insurrection in the eastern provinces of Prussia, gave, *inter alia*, the first impulse to the summoning of a Parliament, an impulse which worked underground until it became irresistible in 1848.

Soon direct negotiations were opened between the courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin, which resulted in the appointment of Stein, who had just escaped with his life from a severe illness, to be the head of an administration which comprised nearly all the minor states of Germany. In bringing about this reunion of Prussia and Russia, Stein had unquestionably a very great share.

For a brief period he now exercised very considerable influence. That influence, however, tending to call forth the energies of the people by a *levée en masse*, was feared by the minor

princes, hated by Austria, and distrusted as well by the Czar himself as by the King of Prussia. Such as it was it rapidly waned, and we soon find Arndt writing as follows :—

"You may pretty well understand my position here—that is, at the side of affairs, and not in them; and this is really the position of those also who fancy they are in them. I wish we had one who really was in them. Stein is not—for with honest intentions he does no more than make leaps, or sometimes thrusts too: bolder than the boldest on the whole, but in particular cases often painful. My relation to Stein was originally formed and serves me now only as a name under which I diffuse certain ideas. He is almost always kind to me, but never or seldom confidential, which in fact he scarcely knows how to be; birth, indeed, is necessary for that. He could do much more if he had military notions, and if his hot temper allowed him in general to form and keep before him comprehensive views. But this he does not and can not. He knows how to be stern, and underrates tranquil powers and virtues. But, after all, he is very much to be praised."

A few weeks later, Stein again came to the front, receiving extended powers, becoming almost in reality what he was jokingly called—the Emperor of Germany—Germany, be it observed, without Prussia, but including those parts of France which were occupied by the Allies.

Professor Seeley takes us through this time in some detail, but leaves after all a very indefinite impression on the mind as to what Stein really did that would not have been done without him. He is entitled however to have his own words cited.

"Stein arrived in Paris on April 9th, which, as he remarks, was the anniversary of his arrival in Dresden, and felt now for the first time that his own deliverance and that of Europe was secure. 'Only when I compare,' he writes, 'the feeling that begins to prelude my whole being with that of oppression and suffering which has held me for nine years (this goes back, it will be noticed, beyond the Battle of Austerlitz), only this comparison enables me to estimate the degree of my present happiness and of my past suffering.'

"And thus we close this interesting passage in Stein's life. Reckoning from his arrival in Königsberg, it covers a period about as long as his Prussian ministry, and it is far more full of striking incident. If I have compressed the narrative of it into less than half the space,

this has been because I neither wished nor was able to travel so far from Germany, and go so deep into Russian, French, and English history as a complete account of the fall of Napoleon would require. It has also been because Stein, whom I have selected as the most central figure of the German politics of that age, is during this year less near the centre than usual.

"He was not allowed the position to which he had a certain right, that of principal leader and manager of the rising of Germany. Hence in my narrative the most memorable German occurrence of the year is necessarily almost passed over. I mean the *levée en masse* of Prussia. For this Stein had worked in 1808, and yet he was not allowed to take part in it. He was allowed to appear in Königsberg and give the signal, but then he was called away.

"Some fatality seemed always to dash this cup from his lip. In 1809 he had been disappointed by the King's irresolution and by Napoleon's Decree of Proscription; this time the rising of Germany actually took place and triumphed over all opposition, and when Stein came to Breslau with Alexander's testimonial his hand must have seemed to touch the golden prize. But it was not to be. Those who had laboured most for Prussia in 1808 were forbidden to enter into the full fruition of 1813. Scharnhorst indeed was not allowed even to see the triumph. And Stein, who had gone forth bearing good seed, looked on from a distance, while others returned with joy bringing their sheaves with them.

"I may mention that this reflexion which the history suggests is not made by Stein himself. Not one word of complaint or regret is to be found in any of his letters. And if he does not complain that he has not been allowed a larger share in the work, still less does he regret the loss of deserved fame. Yet it is somewhat melancholy that in the great story of the liberation of Germany the one man whose heart was truly in the cause, and who represented Germany alone, is little mentioned. Prussian writers have little occasion to name him. Austrians are hostile to him. Russians are jealous of him. Yet there is little exaggeration in the words of Uwaroff quoted above. 'He wanted the liberation of Germany, and was unquestionably the principal author of it.'

"Let us leave him for a moment in Paris, where Gneisenau thus describes him on the 11th of May :—'Herr vom Stein is as brilliant as ever, and provoked as he has been by frequent contradiction, a little more prickly and irritable. We are very much indebted to him. Maybe without him the Russian armies would never have crossed the Memel. How well-disposed he is to Prussia will not be known till later.'

Put in another way, does not this mean that although Stein had a good

deal to do with bringing about the war of liberation, he had not so much to do with it as it has been sometimes supposed, or as his biographer would like to believe?

He was present at the Congress at Vienna, and took an active, although by no means a very prominent or interesting part in the controversies and consultations of that memorable gathering. He was a strong partisan of the annexation of Saxony by Prussia, attempted to curb the liberal inclinations of the Emperor Alexander in Poland, did what he could to influence his mind against the minor princes—chiefly of course in the interest of that “ancient noblesse, distinguished by its military achievements, its influence in the council, and eminent position in the Church,” to which he himself belonged—and pressed for the creation of really efficient assemblies in the small states, partly from an idea that they would cause their governments to be more active, but to some extent also it is to be feared from his hatred of the natural foes of an Imperial knight. Whatever may have been the motives of some of his advice he at last deserves the credit of having desired a more united and national Germany than that “contradiction of thirty-five wills” which came out of the diplomatic crucible.

With regard to the securities to be taken against France after the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, Stein's opinion was midway between that of Hardenberg and the Duke of Wellington, which were respectively as follows:—

“As soon” (said Hardenberg) “as a nation has overpassed the defensive position assigned to it by nature or art, its activity, its power, its policy, its arrangements, its national spirit, its public opinion—all take the direction suggested by its geographical position, and it will retain this spirit so long as the geographical position remains.

“France has been in this condition since the time of Louis XIV.

“Therefore, if we want a durable and safe peace, as we have so often announced and declared, if France herself sincerely wants such a peace with her neighbours, she must

give back to her neighbours the line of defence she has taken from them—to Germany, Alsace and the fortifications of the Netherlands, the Meuse, Mosel, and Saar. Not till then will France find herself in her true line of defence, with the Vosges, and her double line of fortresses from the Meuse to the sea; and not till then will France remain quiet.

“Let us not lose the moment so favourable to the weal both of Europe and France which now offers of establishing a durable and sure peace. At this moment we can do it. The hand of Providence has visibly offered us this opportunity. *If we let it slip streams of blood will flow to attain this object, and the cry of the unhappy victims will call us to give an account of our conduct.*”

Memorable words, which should redound to the credit of a remarkable man whom Stein did not like, whom his biographer heartily dislikes, and who doubtless had his failings.

“I prefer,” said the Great Duke, “the temporary occupation of some of the strong places, and to maintain for a time a strong force in France, both at the expense of the French Government and under strict regulation, to the permanent cession of even all the places which in my opinion ought to be occupied for a time. There is no doubt that the troops of the Allies stationed in France will give strength and security to the government of the king, and that their presence will give the king leisure to form his army in such manner as he may think proper. The expectation also of the arrival of the period at which the several points occupied should be evacuated would tend to the preservation of peace; while the engagement to restore them to the king or his legitimate heirs or successors would have the effect of giving additional stability to his throne. This term of years, besides the advantage of introducing into France a system and habits of peace after twenty-five years of war, will enable the Powers of Europe to restore their finances; it will give them time and means to reconstruct the great artificial bulwarks of their several countries, and to settle their governments, and to consolidate their means of defence. France, it is true, will still be powerful, probably more powerful than she ought to be in relation to her neighbours; but if the Allies do not waste their time and their means, the state of security of each and of the whole in relation to France will, at the end of the period, be materially improved, and will probably leave but little to desire.”

Stein held it possible to combine what was most essential in both schemes.

“There might be,” he thought, “a temporary occupation of a sufficiently long line of for-

tresses, and in that case it might be sufficient to deprive France permanently of some six or seven important positions. The military history of Belgium and Germany indicates the Upper Meuse, near Dinant, Namur, &c., and the Upper Rhine, as the weakest parts of this arena of war. Hence the defence of the Upper Meuse requires the cession of Maubeuge, Givet, Philippeville to Belgium, while the cession of a line from Thionville and Saarouis to Strassburg would protect the Upper Rhine. He goes on in his historical way to refer to the negotiations of Geitruydenburg when Louis XIV. had been willing to yield Lille and Strassburg. Then he adds, England might contribute much to sweeten the bitter pill to France by giving back some of the islands and possessions which she has obtained by the Peace of Paris, and everything is to be expected from the magnanimity of that Great Power, and from its desire to facilitate the settlement!!!"

The "fond ally," as usual, was to pay the score for every one.

After the final pacification of Europe Stein did not take any great part in public affairs. Both Austria and Prussia offered him the place of their representative at the Diet, but he refused both offers, for very sufficient and creditable reasons, though it is difficult to agree with Professor Seeley that they were below his merits, and that he might with advantage have replaced Hardenberg as head of the Prussian ministry.

In the political controversies which followed the war Stein took a middle course, which enabled him to criticise both the princes and the Liberals, with his usual acerbity. We take a specimen of his contempt for the princes from a letter to Eichhorn.

"Dr. Schlosser will convey to you this letter, and speak to you of the Estates question which is threatened by a coalition of domestic and external adversaries. They do not blush to utter and spread with the most insolent shamelessness principles of scandalous Machiavellism. The Act of Confederation, they say, promises no doubt estates to the territories, but the time and the mode it leaves to be determined by the wisdom, the caprice of the Government; the subjects have only a right of expectation, and the Confederation has no authority to protect them. Nay, it is bound if disturbances take place to suppress them without concerning itself about the *merita causa*, the motive of the disturbances. These principles are avowed by Prince Metternich and Count Rechberg. They guide the conduct

of the Austrian and Bavarian Representatives in the Confederation and at the German Courts, and it is asserted that Prussia and Hanover will be converted to them. I will not inquire whether a Cabinet in the abstract, or whether the Austrian Cabinet acts worthily or wisely to take refuge in such sophistries; but I will affirm steadfastly and persistently that they are unserviceable, nay, absolutely pernicious, to Prussia."

Here again is a specimen of his much less merited abuse of the Liberals, from a letter to Gersdorf.

"Freedom of the press is a great blessing, but as yet it has not produced any very valuable results in Weimar, and those apostles of equality, Luden, Martin, Oken, Wieland, &c., are not fit to be teachers of the nation. They serve up the bad food of the French democrats, want to level everything, and dissolve all civil society into a great fluid broth.

"Freedom of the press however is very different from freedom of teaching, and nothing entitles the public teacher appointed by the State to preach murder, insurrection, and destruction of everything ancient and traditional, and I would expel Fries from his chair as a thoroughly crude, hollow, unsound babler."

He talked and wrote in those days much nonsense about Guilds to which Professor Seeley is too tolerant, and was full of old prejudices about the land, to an extent which will surprise those who know nothing of him except the loose writing that we all suffered under anent his reforms, when the Irish land question was being discussed.

His later years were not happy. Domestic troubles were sure to embitter the life of a man who was afflicted with so bad a temper. He composed a meagre autobiography, did excellent work in setting on foot the *Monumenta Germaniae*, and made a very indifferent President of the Westphalian Estates.

He judged the motives of the Emperor Alexander in the foolish, though not ill-meant transaction which is known as the Holy Alliance, correctly enough, but was as much, or even more deceived about the French Revolution of 1830, than was his friend Niebuhr, that considerable historian, illustrious

student, and absurd politician. Over this subject they quarrelled, or nearly quarrelled, not for the first time, and it is difficult to say which of the two least deserves our sympathy.

Stein's views as to the refusal of the Greek throne by Prince Leopold show no greater insight, and even those who think that the merits of the Belgian Nestor were latterly somewhat overrated, will smile at the erroneous estimate of his character which Professor Seeley has extracted.

At length, on the 28th of June, 1831, the old man passed away, by no means, one would have said, *felix opportunitate mortis*, for even his biographer's devotion cannot make much of his last decade and a half. Germans, however, have long memories, and although they thought little of him then, recollected at a later period that he had done really great services in his time—nay, more, they invented a Stein legend, and worshipped under his name their own image reflected on the mists of their national aspirations.

In telling the story of his last days Professor Seeley enlarges a good deal upon Stein's religion, which was of that good "home-baked," but somewhat uninteresting kind which has for many generations been sufficiently common in North Germany. It was, as often happens, powerful enough to come in aid of that part of his moral nature, which was strong, his rectitude and desire to do with his might whatever his hand found to do, but not powerful enough to make him, except on rare occasions, gentle, kindly, tolerant, or wise.

Stein's, in truth, was a massive, but hard and unresponsive nature. The philosophies of his time, which had their weak side, but were full of impulse and guidance for minds of another order, ran off his, in the words of his panegyrist, as if they had been water.

He had a considerable interest in, and a large acquaintance with, certain portions of history, knew a good deal about England, for example, but his

having in, and sympathy with, literature were extremely slight, though his respect for Goethe was greater than might have been expected from a man of his mould. By some he has been imagined to have leant towards Catholicism, but nothing can be less true.

"Thank Heaven," he said, in his vigorous way, "Dr. Luther has made the entrance into heaven somewhat shorter, by dismissing a crowd of door-keepers, chamberlains, and masters of ceremony."

It is amusing to see Professor Seeley's struggles to make out a distinction between Stein's aristocratic pride and that of other nobles. "He was no child of privilege," we are told, and so forth, and so forth. What was an Imperial-knight if he was not "a child of privilege"? His privilege was not the same as that of the persons with whom Professor Seeley contrasts him, but still it was privilege. In so far as he felt the truth of the saying, "Noblesse oblige," more than some of them did, he was truly noble; but did none of them feel it? Was it a sentiment confined to "Imperial-knights," and if so, why is it not usually expressed in old German?

Such are the leading facts in the life to which Professor Seeley has given such an enormous amount of labour and time, with the result of making it clear to the reader why the Germans, in an age when the passion for national unity has devoured all their less noble and many of their nobler passions, should have elevated Stein into a national hero; but certainly not with the result of proving that he was a great statesman. And yet there must have been more in him than Professor Seeley or Pertz, or any one else has succeeded in putting on paper, something which struck the imagination of those who came across him, and made them believe that he was capable of far greater things than he accomplished. He evidently had a good deal of what the greatest of his countrymen called the *daemoniac* element, something that is neither genius, nor goodness, nor fore-

knowledge, nor wisdom, nor vigour, but is perhaps more potent than any of them in swaying the minds of men.

Perhaps, too, in a few years it will be possible for those Englishmen who are attached to Germany to read this book with less irritation than they do at present. The truth is that although it would be unjust to Stein to put him in the same category as the statesman before whom united Germany is now contented to bow down, there is nevertheless a sufficient amount of superficial resemblance between the two characters to remind us at every few pages of the sayings and doings of the Imperial Chancellor. Then, too, in these days, when all that is worst in Germany seems coming to the front, when those who sympathised most intensely with her struggles for unity are beginning to ask, with a mixture of bewilderment and disgust, whether what we now see was really the inevitable outcome of the sad mistake she made when she cast in her lot with those who said, "Through Unity to Freedom," rather than with those who said, "Through Freedom to Unity," it is hardly fair to read the story of a man who, like Stein, was above all things a German patriot.

In justice, however, to Professor Seeley, we must remember that he began his work at a time when all the best men in this country could hardly speak too highly of Germany, before the intoxication which followed the military successes of 1870-1, before the great swindling period, before the blundering *Culturkampf*, before the panic about Socialism, before the rigorous laws against the expression of unpopular opinions, before the determination, avowed in the highest quarters, to return to the exploded fallacies of protection.

Of course observers at a distance are subject to optical illusions. We see much that is alarming and distressing in the state of Germany, and

our attention is not attracted to the large amount of faithful work and intelligent happiness which forms the counterpoise to it. An honest foreign observer, looking at Beaconsfieldian England, probably thinks it a far worse place than it really is. He sees much that is dishonest, much that is stupid, much that is contrary to sound policy in our public action, and draws from what he sees many unduly severe conclusions as to what he does not see.

Still, when all allowance has been made, the condition of Germany is not one which her friends can contemplate without misgiving. But dangerous as is the slope on which the German people finds itself, we may hope that it may be arrested, before it is too late, on that *Descensus Averni* down which it is being pushed, to a great extent by evil personal, and therefore temporary influences. Then perhaps we shall be able to look more charitably than we can do now at the life of Stein. For the next age too there must be another English account of him. A hundred octavo pages in a two-volume book, in which he may stand side by side with Hardenberg, Altenstein, Schön, Scharnhorst, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and Radowitz—a man whose life was in his own opinion a failure, but who was in some respects much more interesting than any of them—is all that can reasonably be asked for Stein twenty years hence. Professor Seeley's three immense volumes will form a quarry of admirable materials for such a work. Several of the lives above alluded to, and a good deal else, will be more easily written for his labours, and a Professor of History is perhaps fulfilling his function distinctly better when he is sowing the germs of good historical work in the minds of others, than when he produces a book more perfect in itself, which has not that particular merit.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

LATE the same night, Mrs. Haworth, who had been watching for her son alone in the grand, desolate room in which it was her lot to sit, rose to her feet on hearing him enter the house.

The first object which met his eye when he came in was her little figure and her patient face turned toward the door. As he crossed the threshold, she took a few steps as if to meet him, and then stopped.

"Jem!" she exclaimed. "Jem!"

Her voice was tremulous and her eyes bright with the indefinable feeling which seized upon her the moment she saw his face. Her utterance of his name was a cry of anxiousness and fear.

"What!" he said. "Are you here yet?"

He came to her and laid a hand upon her shoulder in a rough caress.

"You'd better go to bed," he said to her. "It's late and I've got work to do."

"I felt," she answered, "as if I'd like to wait an' see you. I knowed I should sleep better for it—I always do."

There was a moment's pause, in which she lovingly stroked his sleeve with her withered hand. Then he spoke.

"Sleep better!" he said. "That's a queer notion. You've got queer fancies, you women—some on you."

Then stooped and kissed her awkwardly. He always did it with more or less awkwardness and lack of ease, but it never failed to make her happy.

"Now you've done it," he said. "You'd better go, old lady, and leave me to finish what I've got to do."

"It's late for work, Jem," she

answered. "You oughtn't to try yourself so much."

"It ain't work so much," he said, "as thinking. There's summat I've got to think out."

For the moment he seemed quite to forget her. He stood with his hands thrust into his pockets and his feet apart, staring at the carpet. He did not stir when she moved away, and was still standing so when she turned at the door to look at him.

What she saw brought her back hurried and tearful.

"Let me stay!" she cried. "Let me stay. There's trouble in your face, Jem, for I see it. Don't keep it from me—for the sake of what we've been through together in times that's past."

He bestirred himself and looked up at her.

"Trouble!" he repeated. "That's not the word. It's not trouble, old lady, and it's naught that can be helped. There's me and it to fight it out. Go and get your sleep and leave us to it."

She went slowly and sadly. She always obeyed him whatever his wish might be.

When the last sound of her faltering feet had died away upon the stairs, he went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of raw brandy and drank it.

"I want summat to steady me," he said,—"and to warm me."

But it did not steady him at least. When he sat down at the table, the hand he laid upon it shook.

He looked at it curiously, clinching and unclenching it.

"I'm pretty well done for when it goes like that," he said. "I'm farther gone than I thought. It's all over me—over and through me. I'm shaking like a fool."

He broke out with a torrent of curses.

"Is it me that's sitting here," he cried, "or some other chap? Is it me that luck's gone again on every side, or a chap that's usered to it?"

Among all his pangs of humiliation and baffled passion there was not one so subtle and terrible in its influence upon him as his momentary sense of physical weakness. He understood it less than all the rest, and raged against it more. His body had never failed him once, and now for the first time he felt that its power faltered. He was faint, and cold, and trembled, not merely from excitement, but from loss of strength.

Opposite to him, at the other side of the room, was a full length mirror. Accidentally rising his eyes towards it he caught sight of his own face. He started back and unconsciously glanced behind him.

"Who——!" he began.

And then he stopped, knowing the face for his own—white-lipped, damp with cold sweat, lined with harsh furrows—evil to see. He got up, shaking his fist at it, crying out through his shut teeth.

"Blast her!" he said. "Who's to blame but her!"

He had given up all for her—his ambition, which had swept all before it; his greatest strength, his very sins and coarseness, and half-an-hour ago he had passed the open door of a room and had seen Murdoch standing motionless, not uttering a word, but with his face fairly transfigured by his ecstasy, and with her hand crushed against his breast.

He had gone in to see Ffrench, and had remained with him for an hour in one of the parlours, knowing that the two were alone in the other. He had heard their voices now and then, and had known that once they went out upon the terrace and talked there. He had grown burning hot and deadly cold, and had strained his ears for every sound, and never caught more than a word or low laugh coming from Rachel Ffrench. At last he had left his partner, and on his way out had

passed the open door. They had come back to the room, and Murdoch was saying his good-night. He held Rachel Ffrench's hand, and she made no effort to withdraw it, but gave it to his caress. She did not move nor speak, but her eyes rested upon his rapt face with an expression not easy to understand. Haworth did not understand it, but the rage which seized and shook him was the most brutal emotion he had ever felt in his life. It was a madness which left him weak. He staggered down the stairs and out into the night blindly, blaspheming as he went. He did not know how he reached home. The sight his mother had seen, and which had drawn a cry from her, and checked her midway in the room, had been cause enough for tremor in her. Nothing but the most violent effort had saved him from an outbreak in her presence. He was weaker for the struggle when she was gone.

He could think of nothing but of Rachel Ffrench's untranslatable face, and of Murdoch's close clasp of her surrendered hand.

"What has she ever give me?" he cried. "*Me*, that's played the fool for her! What's he done that he should stand there and fondle her as if he'd bought and paid for her? I'm the chap that paid for her! She's mine, body and soul, by George, if every man had his rights!"

And then, remembering all that had gone by, he turned from hot to cold again.

"I've stood up agen her a long time," he said, "and what have I got? I swore I'd make my way with her, and how far have I gone? She's never give me a word, by George, or a look that'd be what another woman would have give. She's not even played with me—most on 'em would have done that—but she's not. She's gone on her way and let me go on mine. She's turned neither right nor left for me—I wasn't man enough."

He wore himself out in the end and went to the brandy again, and drank of it deeply. It sent him up stairs

with heated blood and feverish brain. It was after midnight, and he went to his room, but not to sleep. He lay upon his pillow in the darkness thinking of the things he had done in the past few months, and of the fruit the first seed he had sown might bring forth.

"There's things that may happen to any on us, my lad," he said, "and some on 'em might happen to you. If it's Jem Haworth that's to lose, the other sha'n't gain, by George!"

He had put the light out and lay in the darkness, and was so lying with this mood at work upon him when there came a timid summons on the door, and it opened and some one came in softly.

He knew who it was, even before she spoke.

"Jem," she said, "Jem, you're not asleep, my dear."

"No," he answered.

She came to the bed-side and stood there.

"I—I couldn't sleep," she said. "Something's a little wrong with me. I'm gettin' foolish, an'—an' fearful. I felt as if you wasn't quite safe. I thought I'd come and speak to you."

"You're out o' sorts," he answered. "You'll have to be looked after."

"It's nothing but my foolish way," she replied. "You're very good to me—an' me so full of fancies. Would you—would you mind me a-kneelin' down an' sayin' a prayer here to myself as I used to when you was a boy, Jem? I think it'd do me good. Would you mind it?"

"No," he answered, hoarsely. "Kneel down."

And she knelt and grasped for his hand and held it, and he heard her whispering in the dark as he had been wont to hear her nearly thirty years before.

And when it was over, she got up and kissed him on the forehead.

"God bless you, my dear!" she said. "God bless you!" and went away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"IT IS DONE WITH."

AFTER the departure of Haworth and Murdoch, Mr. Ffrench waited for some time for his daughter's appearance. He picked up a pamphlet and turned over its leaves uneasily, trying to read here and there, and making no great success of the effort. He was in a disturbed and nervous mood—the evening had been a trial to him, more especially the latter part of it, during which Haworth had sat on the other side of the table in his usually awkwardly free-and-easy posture, his hands in his pockets, his feet thrust out before him. His silence and the expression he had worn had not been of an order to relieve his companion of any tithe of the burden which had gradually accumulated upon his not too muscular shoulders. At the outset Ffrench had been simply bewildered, then somewhat anxious and annoyed, but to-day he had been stunned. Haworth's departure was an immense relief to him—in fact, it was often a relief to him in these days. Then he had heard Murdoch descend the stairs and leave the house, and waited with mingled dread and anxiousness for Rachel's coming. But she did not make her appearance. He heard her walk across the room after Murdoch left her, and then she did not seem to move again.

After the lapse of half-an-hour he laid his pamphlet aside and rose himself. He coughed two or three times and paced the floor a little—gradually he edged toward the folding doors leading into the front room and passed through them.

Rachel stood at one of the windows which was thrown open. She was leaning against its side and looking out into the night. When she turned toward him something in her manner caused in Ffrench an increase of nervousness amounting to irritation.

"You wish to say something to me," she remarked. "What is it?"

"Yes," he answered. "I wish to say something to you."

He could not make up his mind to say it for a moment or so. He found himself returning her undisturbed glance with an excited and bewildered one.

"I—the fact is—" he broke forth, desperately, "I—I do not understand you."

"That is not at all singular," she replied. "You have often said so before."

He began to lose his temper and walk about the room.

"You have often chosen to seem incomprehensible," he said, "but *this* is the most extraordinary thing you have done yet. You—you must know that it looks very bad—that people are discussing you opening—you of all women!"

Suddenly he wheeled about and stopped, staring at her with more uncertainty and bewilderment than ever.

"I ought to know you better," he said. "I do know you better than to think you capable of any weakness of—that kind. You are *not* capable of it. You are too proud and too fond of yourself, and yet——"

"And yet what?" she demanded, in a peculiar, low voice.

He faltered visibly.

"And yet you are permitting yourself to—to be talked over and—misunderstood."

"Do you think," she asked, in the same voice, "that I care for being 'talked over'?"

"You would care if you knew what is said," he responded. "You do not know."

"I can guess," she replied, "easily."

But she was deadly pale and he saw it, and her humiliation was that she *knew* he saw it.

"What you do," he continued, "is of more consequence than what most women do. You are not popular. You have held yourself very high, and have set people at defiance. If you should be guilty of a romantic

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folly, it would go harder with you than with others."

"I know that," she answered him, "far better than you do."

She held herself quite erect and kept her eyes steadily upon him.

"What is the romantic folly?" she put it to him.

He could not have put it into words just then if his life had depended upon his power to do it.

"You will not commit it," he said.

"It is not in you to do it, but you have put yourself in a false position, and it is very unpleasant for both of us."

She stopped him.

"You are very much afraid of speaking plainly," she said. "Be more definite."

He actually flushed to the roots of his hair in his confusion and uneasiness. There was no way out of the difficulty.

"You have adopted such a manner with the world generally," he floundered, "that a concession from you means a great deal. You—you have been making extraordinary concessions. It is easy to see that this young fellow is madly enamoured of you. He does not know how to conceal it, and he does not try. You have not seemed to demand that he should. You have let him follow you, and come and go as his passion and simplicity prompted him. One might say you had encouraged him—though encouraged seems hardly the word to use."

"No," she interrupted, "it is not the word to use."

"He has made himself conspicuous and you too, and you have never protested by word or deed. When he was in danger you actually risked your life for him."

"Great heaven!" she ejaculated.

The memory of the truth of what he had said came upon her like a flash. Until this moment she had only seen the night from one stand-point, and to see it from this one was a deadly blow to her. She lost her balance.

"How dare you?" she cried breath-

lessly. "I was mad with excitement. If I had stopped to think——"

"You usually do stop to think," he put in. "That was why I was amazed. You did a thing without calculating its significance. You never did so before in your life. You know that it is true. You pride yourself upon it."

He could have said nothing so bitter and terrible. For the moment they had changed places. It was he who had presented a weakness to her. She did pride herself upon her cool power of calculation.

"Go on!" she exclaimed.

"He has been here half the day," he proceeded, growing bolder. "You were out in the garden together all the afternoon—he has only just left you. When you contrast his position with yours is not *that* an extraordinary thing? What should you say if another woman had gone so far? Two years ago, he was Haworth's engineer. He is a wonderful fellow and a genius, and the world will hear of him yet. I should never think of anything but that if I were the only individual concerned, but you—you treated him badly enough at first."

She turned paler and paler.

"You think that I—that I——"

She had meant to daunt him with the most daring speech she could make, but it would not complete itself. She faltered and broke down.

"I don't know what to think," he answered desperately. "It seems impossible. Good heavens! it *is* impossible!—you—it is not in your nature."

"No," she said, "it is not."

Even in that brief space she had recovered herself wholly. She met his glance just as she had met it before, even with more perfect *sang froid*.

"I will tell you what to think," she went on. "I have been very dull here. I wished from the first that I had never come. I hate the people, and I despise them more than hate them. I must be amused and interested, and they are less than nothing. The person you speak of was different.

I suppose what you say of him is true and he is genius. I care nothing for that in itself, but he has managed to interest me. At first I thought him only absurd; he was of a low class, and a common workman, and he was so simple and ignorant of the world that he did not feel his position or did not care. That amused me and I led him on to revealing himself. Then I found out that there was a difference between him and the rest of his class, and I began to study him. I have no sentimental notions about his honour and good qualities. Those things do not affect me, but I have been interested and the time has passed more easily. Now the matter will end just as it began,—not because I am tired of him, or because I care for what people say, but because I think it is time,—and I choose that it should. It is done with from to-night."

"Good heaven!" he cried. "You are not going to drop the poor fellow like that!"

"You may call it what you please," she returned. "I have gone as far as I choose to go, and it is done with from to-night."

Mr. Ffrench's excitement became something painful to see. Between his embarrassment as a weak nature before a strong one,—an embarrassment which was founded upon secret fear of unpleasant results,—between this and the natural compunctions arising from tendencies toward a certain refined and amiable sense of fairness, he well-nigh lost all control over himself and became courageous. He grew heated and flushed, and burst forth into protest.

"My dear," he said, "I must say it's a—*a* deuced ungentlemanly business!"

Her lack of response absolutely inspired him.

"It's a deuced ill-bred business," he added, "from first to last."

She did not reply even to that, so he went on, growing warmer and warmer.

"You have taunted me with being

afraid of you," he said, "though you have never put it into so many words. Perhaps I have been afraid of you. You can make yourself confoundedly unpleasant at times,—and I may have shrunk from saying what would rouse you,—but I must speak my mind about this, and say it is a deucedly cruel and unfair thing, and is unworthy of you. A less well-bred woman might have done it."

A little colour rose to her cheek and remained there, but she did not answer still.

"He is an innocent fellow," he proceeded, "an unworldly fellow; he has lived in his books and his work, and he knows nothing of women. His passion for you is a pure, romantic one; he would lay his world at your feet. Call it folly, if you will,—it *is* folly,—but allow me to tell you it is worthy of a better object."

He was so astonished at his own daring that he stopped to see what effect it had produced.

She replied by asking a simple but utterly confounding question.

"What," she said, "would you wish me to do?"

"What would I wish you to do?" he stammered. "What? I—I hardly know," he replied weakly.

And after regarding her helplessly a little longer, he turned about and left the room.

CHAPTER XL.

"LOOK OUT!"

THE next morning he rather surprised Murdoch by walking into his cell with the evident intention of paying him a somewhat prolonged visit. It was not, however, the fact of his appearing there which was unusual enough to excite wonder, but the fact of a certain degree of mingled constraint and effusiveness in his manner. It was as if he was troubled with some mental compunctions which he was desirous of setting at rest. At times he talked very fast and in a comparatively light and jocular vein, and again he was

silent for some minutes, invariably rousing himself from his abstraction with a sudden effort. Several times Murdoch found that he was regarding him with a disturbed air of anxiety.

Before going away he made an erratic and indecisive tour of the little room, glancing at drawings and picking up first one thing and then another.

"You have a good many things here," he said, "of one kind and another."

"Yes," Murdoch answered, absently.

Ffrench glanced around at the jumble of mechanical odds and ends, the plans and models in various stages of neglect or completion.

"It's a queer place," he commented, "and it has an air of significance. It's crammed with ideas—of one kind and another."

"Yes," Murdoch answered, as before.

Ffrench approached him and laid his hand weakly on his shoulder.

"You are a fellow of ideas," he said, "and you have a good deal before you. Whatever disappointments you might meet with, you would always have a great deal before you. You have ideas. I," with apparent inconsequence, "I haven't, you know."

Murdoch looked somewhat puzzled, but he did not contradict him, so he repeated his statement.

"I haven't, you know. I wish I had."

Then he dropped his hand and looked indefinite again.

"I should always like you to remember that I am your friend," he said. "I wish I could have been of more service to you. You are a fine fellow, Murdoch. I have admired you—I have liked you. Don't forget it."

And he went away carrying the burden of his indecision and embarrassment and good intention with much amiable awkwardness.

That day Murdoch did not see Rachel Ffrench. Circumstances occurred which kept him at work until a late hour. The next day it was the same story, and the next also. A series of incidents seemed to combine

against him, and the end of each day found him worn out and fretted. But on the fourth he was free again, and early in the evening found himself within sight of the iron gates. Every pulse in his body throbbed as he passed through them. He was full of intense expectation. He could scarcely bear to think of what was before him. His desperate happiness was a kind of pain. One of his chief longings was that he might find her wearing the pale blue dress again, and that when he entered she might be standing in the centre of the room as he had left her. Then it would seem as if there had been no nights and days between the last terribly happy moment and this. The thought which flashed across his mind that there might possibly be some one else in the room was a shock to him.

"If she is not alone," he said to himself, "it will be unbearable."

As he passed up the walk, he came upon a tall white lily blooming on one of the border beds. He was in a sufficiently mystical and emotional mood to be stopped by it.

"It is like her," he said. And he gathered it and took it with him to the house.

The first thing upon which his eye rested when he stood upon the threshold of the room was the pale blue colour, and she was standing just as he had left her, it seemed to him, upon the very same spot upon which they had parted. His wish had been realised so far at least.

He was obliged to pause a moment to regain his self-control. It was an actual truth that he could not have trusted himself so far as to go in at once.

It was best that he did not. The next instant she turned and spoke to a third person at the other side of the room, and even as she did so caught sight of him and stopped.

"Here is Mr. Murdoch," she said, and paused, waiting for him to come forward. She did not advance to meet

him, did not stir until he was scarcely more than a pace from her. She simply waited, watching him as he moved toward her, as if she were a little curious to see what he would do. Then she gave him her hand, and he took it with a feeling that something unnatural had happened, or that he was suddenly awakening from a delusion.

He did not even speak. It was she who spoke, turning toward the person whom she had addressed before he entered.

"You have heard us speak of Mr. Murdoch," she said; and then to herself, "This is M. Saint Méran."

M. Saint Méran rose and bowed profoundly. He presented, as his best points, long, graceful limbs and a pair of clear grey eyes, which seemed to hold their opinions in check. He regarded Murdoch with an expression of suave interest, and made a well-bred speech of greeting.

Murdoch said nothing. He could think of nothing to say. He was never very ready of speech. He bowed with an uncertain air, and almost immediately wandered off to the other end of the room, holding his lily in his hand. He began to turn over the pages of a book of engravings, seeing none of them. After a little while a peculiar perfume close to him attracted his attention, and he looked downward vacantly and saw the lily. Then he laid it down and moved farther away.

Afterward—he did not know how long afterward—Ffrench came in. He seemed in a very feverish state of mind, talking a great deal and rather inanely, and forcing Murdoch to reply and join in the conversation.

M. Saint Méran held himself with a graceful air of security and self-poise, and made gentle efforts at scientific remark which should also have an interest for genius of a mechanical and inventive turn. But Murdoch's replies were vague. His glance followed Rachel Ffrench. He devoured her with his eyes—a violence which

she bore very well. At last—he had not been in the house an hour—he left his chair and went to her.

"I am going away," he said, in an undertone. "Good-night!"

She did not seem to hear him. She was speaking to Saint Méran.

"Good-night!" he repeated, in the same tone, not raising it at all, only somehow giving it an intense, concentrated sound.

She turned her face toward him.

"Good-night!" she answered.

And he went away, Ffrench following him to the door with erratic and profuse regrets, which he did not hear at all.

When he got outside, he struck out across the country. The strength with which he held himself in check was a wonder to him. It seemed as if he was not thinking at all—that he did not allow himself to think. He walked fast, it might even be said, violently; the exertion made his head throb and his blood rush through his veins. He walked until at last his heart beat so suffocatingly that he was forced to stop. He threw himself down—almost fell down upon the grass at the wayside—and lay with shut eyes. He was giddy and exhausted, and panted for breath. He could not have thought then, if he would; he had gained so much at least. He did not leave the place for an hour. When he did so, it was to walk home by another route, slowly, almost weakly. This route led him by the Briarley cottage, and, as he neared it, he was seized with a fancy for going in. The door was ajar and a light burned in the living-room, and this drew him toward it.

Upon the table stood a basket filled with purchases, and near the basket lay a shawl, which Janey wore upon all occasions requiring a toilet. She had just come in from her shopping, and sat on a stool in her usual posture, not having yet removed the large bonnet which spread its brim around her small face, a respectable and steady-going aureole, enlivened with bunches

of flowers, which in their better days had rejoiced Mrs. Briarley's heart with exceeding great joy.

She looked up as he came in, but did not rise.

"Eh! it's thee, is it?" she remarked. "I thowt it wur toime tha wur comin'. Tha'st not been here fur nigh a month."

"I have been—doing a great deal."

"Aye," she answered. "I suppose so."

She jerked her thumb toward Granny Dixon's basket-chair, which stood empty.

"She's takken down," she said. "She wur takken down a week sin', an' a noice toime we're ha'in' nursin' her. None on us can do anything wi' her but mother—*she* can settle her, thank th' Amoghty."

She rested her sharp little elbows upon her knees and her chin upon both palms, and surveyed him with interest.

"Has tha seed him?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Who?" he asked.

"Him," with a nod of her head. "Th' furriner as is stayin' at Mester Ffrench's. Yo' mun ha' seen him. He's been theer three days."

"I saw him this evening."

"I thowt tha mun ha' seed him. He coom o' Monday. He coom fro' France. I should na," with a tone of serious speculation,—*"I should na ha' thowt she'd ha' had a Frenchman."*

She moved her feet and settled herself more conveniently, without moving her eyes from his face.

"I dunnot think much o' Frenchmen mysen," she proceeded. "An' neyther does mother, but they say as this is a rich un an' a grand un. She's lived i' France a good bit, an' happen she does na' moind their ways. She's knowed him afore."

"When?" he asked.

"When she wur theer. She lived theer, yo' know."

Yes, he remembered, she had lived there. He said nothing more, only sat watching the little stunted figure

and sharp small face with a sense of mild fascination, wondering dully how much she knew and where she had learned it all, and what she would say next. But she gave him no further information—chiefly because she had no more on hand, there being a limit even to her sagacity. She became suddenly interested in himself.

"Yo're as pale as if yo'd had th' whoopin'-cough," she remarked. "What's wrong wi' yo'?"

"I am tired," he answered. "Worn out."

It was true enough, but did not satisfy her. Her matter-of-fact and matronly mind arrived at a direct solution of the question.

"Did yo' ivver think," she put it to him, "as she'd ha' yo'?"

He had no answer to give her. He began to turn deathly white about the lips. She surveyed him with increased interest and proceeded:

"Mother an' me's talked it over," she said. "We tak' th' *Ha'penny Reader*, an' theer wur a tale in it as tow'd o' one o' th' nobility as wed a workin' chap—an' mother she said as happen she wur loike her an' ud do it, but I said she would na. Th' chap i' th' tale turnt out to be a earl, as ud been kidnapped by th' gypsies, but yo' nivver wur kidnap't, an' she's noan o' th' soft koind. The Lady *Geraldine* wur a difrient mak'. Theer wur na mich i' her too my moind. She wur allus makkin' out as brass wur nowt, an' talkin' about 'humble virchew' as if theer wur nowt loike it. Yo' would na ketch *her* talkin' that road.

"Mother she'd sit an' cry until th' babby's bishop wur wet through, but I nivver seed nowt to cry about mysen. She getten th' chap i' th' eend, an' he turnt out to be a earl after aw. But I tow'd mother as marryin' a workin' man wur na i' *her* loine."

Murdoch burst into a harsh laugh and got up.

"I've been pretty well talked over, it seems," he said. "I didn't know that before."

"Aye," replied Janey coolly. "We've

talked yo' ower a good bit. Are yo' goin'?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going."

He went out with an uncertain movement, leaving the door open behind him. As he descended the steps, the light from the room, slanting out into the darkness, struck athwart a face, the body pertaining to which seemed to be leaning against the palings, grasping them with both hands. It was the face of Mr. Briarley, who regarded him with a mingled expression of anxiety and desire to propitiate.

"Is it yo'?" he whispered, as Murdoch neared him.

"Yes," he was answered, somewhat shortly.

Mr. Briarley put out a hand and plucked him by the sleeve.

"I've been waitin' fur yo'," he said, in a sonorous whisper, which only failed to penetrate the innermost recesses of the dwelling through some miracle.

Murdoch turned out of the gate.

"Why?" he asked.

Mr. Briarley glanced towards the house uneasily, and also up and down the road.

"Let's get out o' th' way a bit," he remarked.

Murdoch walked on, and he shuffled a few paces behind him. When they got well into the shadow of the hedge, he stopped. Suddenly he dropped upon his knees, and crawling through a very small gap into the field behind, remained there for a few seconds, then he reappeared panting.

"Theer's no one theer," he said. "I would na ha' risked theer bein' one on 'em lyin' under th' hedge."

"One of whom?" Murdoch inquired.

"I did na say who," he answered.

When he stood on his feet again, he took his companion by the button.

"Theer's a friend o' moine," he said, "as 'as sent a messidge to yo'. This here's it—'Look out!'"

"What does it mean?" Murdoch asked. "Speak more plainly."

Mr. Briarley became evidently disturbed.

"Nay," he said, "that theer's plain enow fur me. It ud do *my* business i' quick toime if I——"

He stopped and glanced about him again, and then, without warning, threw himself, so to speak, on Murdoch's shoulder, and began to pour a flood of whispers into his ear.

"Theer wur a chap as were a foo'," he said, "an' he was drawed into bein' a bigger foo' than common. It wur him as getten yo' i' trouble wi' th' stroikers. He did na mean no ill, an'—an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out. I'll run th' risk.' He knowed what wur goin' on, an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out.'"

"Who was he?" Murdoch interposed.

Mr. Briarley fell back a pace, perspiring profusely, and dabbing at his forehead with his cap.

"He—he wur a friend o' moine," he

stammered,—“a friend o' moine as has gotten a way o' gettin' hissen i' trouble, an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out.'”

"Tell him from me," said Murdoch, "that I am not afraid of anything that may happen."

It was a rash speech, but was not so defiant as it sounded. His only feeling was one of cold carelessness. He wanted to get free and go away, and end his night in his silent room at home. But Mr. Briarley kept up with him, edging toward him apologetically as he walked.

"Yo're set agen th' chap fur bein' a foo'," he persisted, breathlessly, "an' I dunnot blame yo'. He's set agen hissen. He's a misforchnit chap as is allus i' trouble. It's set heavy on him, an' ses he, 'I'll tell him to look out.'"

At a turn into a by-lane he stopped.

"I'll go this road," he said, "an' I'll tell him as I've done it."

To be continued.

THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.

READING over the annual reports of the thirty-eight district committees of the Charity Organisation Society produces a curious effect on the mind, of a certain deep yet monotonous interest. With slight variations in arrangement and style, they all consist of the same materials and exhibit a striking uniformity of doctrine. They all apologise for their annual reiteration of the same facts and principles, which they feel must be tiresome to their friends and supporters, but which they one and all find to be ignored, or very insufficiently understood, by the world at large. The individual cases given in most of them as specimens of their work have the same curious monotony and the same perennial interest, and as one reads, one begins to feel that at last something like order is being introduced into the chaos of London distress and London benevolence. Shall I be forgiven for reiterating once more those leading features of the Society's work which it finds so necessary to bring again and again before the public, and endeavour to describe the effect they produce on the mind of an outsider?

One of the habitual misunderstandings against which nearly all the committees find occasion to protest, is the idea that their machinery is expensive in proportion to the amount of relief which they dispense. They all explain again and again that not relief but investigation is their primary object, and that investigation is a necessarily expensive process. I should have thought the complaints would have been in the opposite direction. The real danger seems to be lest the Society should tend to lapse into an additional relief society, instead of keeping to its original and much more arduous task of organising the relief afforded by others, and bringing light and order into the confused mass of overlapping and competing "charities" in this good-hearted but not too clear-headed

metropolis of ours. The pressure of distress on the purse is so keenly felt by all whose duties call them into its immediate presence, that those whose task is not relief can rarely abstain altogether from practising it. And since the very fact of overlapping it is pretty sure to cause gaps (in the present inadequate state of our relief machinery), it is clear that a society whose object is to provide for the even distribution of alms must as often have occasion to fill up overlooked spaces as to clear away accumulations. Besides this, a difficulty is found to arise in practice from the natural disinclination of the poor, and their friends and employers, to answer inquiries which do not appear to tend to any practical result. The relief to be given must, to some extent at least, pass through the hands of the investigators if they are to have any chance of getting to the bottom of the facts.¹

An excellent instance of the way in which the operations of the Society may advantageously be combined with those of existing charitable institutions, is the practice recently adopted by some of our public hospitals of requiring all out-patients, after one visit, to get their "letters" stamped by the Charity Organisation Society before they can receive any further assistance. The Society, with this practical object in view, can easily make the inquiries necessary to ascertain that the patients are really too poor to pay for medical advice and medicines. The precise course of proceeding has been variously modi-

¹ The question whether it would not be better for the Charity Organisation Society to abstain altogether from giving relief has been raised (while these pages have been passing through the press) by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and discussed by some other writers, in the columns of the *Times*. The general feeling of the supporters of the Society seemed to be that such complete abstention, though very desirable, would not as yet be practicable.

fied in connection with different hospitals, and in some the attempt thus to classify applicants has been abandoned, but not before it had yielded results likely to prove of great importance in leading to a better system of medical relief.

It is clear that a great saving of labour is rendered possible by the existence of a central society possessing branches in every district of London, each branch of which is constantly employed in collecting and recording information about the poor inhabitants of its own district, and which places the whole of its machinery and of its records at the disposal of every stationary institution, as well as of private individuals. By stationary institutions I mean those whose work is necessarily carried on within their own walls, as is in so great a measure the case with hospitals, schools, refuges, and asylums of all sorts. Some of these institutions no doubt do employ officers whose business it is to go out among the poor to seek out suitable cases, or to make inquiries respecting those who apply for admission; and it is just this addition to their labour and expense which might to a considerable extent be spared by the employment of one central society. In the course of its investigations it would continually kill many birds with one stone, instead of having to go over the same ground over and over again, as must be done in succession by the officers of these various institutions. As a means of simplifying machinery, and so saving valuable skilled labour, it would seem very desirable that the stationary institutions should accept the offer of the Charity Organisation Society to do this sort of work for them.

Not only would a great saving of labour be effected by the employment of a common machinery, but its use would necessarily tend to bring the various institutions availing themselves of it into useful relations with each other. They would learn to know more of each other's objects

and resources, and also of each other's experience. This is an advantage not perhaps likely to be much coveted beforehand by the managers of institutions, in whom a curious instinctive jealousy of similar bodies seems often to spring up, alongside of an inclination to go their own way without interference or dictation from without. But the use of a common machinery for out-of-door work need not in the slightest degree infringe upon the independence of each institution, while it would tend gradually and almost insensibly to melt away this feeling of rivalry, and that which is foolish and ignorant in competition. We so easily set up artificial limits to our sympathies, that whatever tends to keep before our minds the larger community of which we are a part, must be good. Each refuge, each school, each hospital, should desire not only the prosperity and successful accomplishment of its own work, but the spread of knowledge, of medical skill and care, of reformation and civilisation on the widest possible scale, and should feel itself but a part of a national, if not a world-wide, effort to promote these objects; willing to exchange experiences and good offices with all its fellow institutions. I know that this is difficult, and for that very reason I rejoice in the thought of the help which the Charity Organisation Society may afford in bringing it about.

In like manner, and with a similar economy of labour and diffusion of enlightenment, the Charity Organisation Society have in many districts entered into alliances with Boards of Guardians, district-visiting, and relief societies, School-board visitors, and other bodies of regular workers among the poor. The advantages of such alliances are so obvious that it seems impossible that they should not become universal in the long run, if only the Charity Organisation Society prove themselves equal to the task they have undertaken and resolute in adhering to the province which they have themselves defined as their own.

A more difficult question is that of the ideal relation between them and private individuals engaged in works of charity on their own account. The theory of the society seems to be that private individuals should learn more and more to look to it for advice, and employ it to make inquiries, in their dealings with the poor who apply to them for help. No doubt there are many cases so difficult that they can scarcely be wisely dealt with except by the use of such machinery as no private individual can command, and which less experienced observers may thankfully refer to the judgment of the Society's officers. There are other cases which, though not particularly perplexing, may require help of a kind which is beyond the resources of the individual applied to, and these may fairly be handed on to any organisation sufficiently central to have access to a variety of sources of private benevolence. The Charity Organisation Society, and the ministers of various denominations are the natural channels to which in such cases private individuals have recourse. It is much to be desired that there should be so cordial an understanding between these two bodies that an application to the Charity Organisation Society (whose primary object being organisation, is the one of the two which ought logically to open the door to the other) should be sufficient to bring such cases at once under the notice of the proper pastors and their congregations, and to secure their sympathy and co-operation. I fear this is but a distant prospect; yet in some parishes a glimpse may be caught of the advantages to be found in it. But the practice of passing on applicants for assistance to be dealt with by the Society, does not seem to me to be one which it is desirable greatly to encourage. And to do justice to the Society, I do not at all suppose that they wish to encourage it, except in special cases. They are indeed continually explaining that they have no wish to supersede, or to check, private

benevolence. Their object is to afford assistance in rendering it more discriminating and therefore more effectual. But the drawback to the advantages of all efficient machinery is that it does necessarily tend to supersede hand work, and in some degree, if only temporarily, to paralyse the disposition to bestow much skill and care upon doing perfectly in a few cases what can be done with so much less (proportionate) labour on a large scale. It is, however, useless, and would probably in the long run prove to be folly, to strive against the labour-saving tendencies of our age. Let machinery do its best or its worst, there will always remain abundance of scope for the more delicate and intelligent labour of the human hand. And so, when all that can be done by societies and institutions, and by the organisation of societies and institutions, has been accomplished, there will still be abundance of healing and tending and raising to be done by the purely friendly influence of one human being upon another. The true work of the Charity Organisation Society is not to forestall or to supersede these influences, but to clear the way for them.

The proper division of labour between charitable organisations and charitable individuals is a question of great interest at this moment, while it is in the very act of being (more or less consciously and intelligently) worked out. A great part of the value of the Society's work is the degree in which it tends to throw light upon this question. The reports of its committees contain line upon line, and precept upon precept, on this subject. To sift out the "poor law cases" from the "cases for private charity," and themselves fill up the unavoidable, but not very wide, gap between these two classes, is in fact the chief part of their practical work, as distinguished from their recording work. No one probably sets greater store by the tenderly adapted influences of personal and unofficial ministrations than do the officers of the Society, thus standing between the two camps—we might almost

say between the living and the dead—so great is the contrast between “the House” and “outdoor relief” on the one hand, and private houses, with their overflowing benevolence, on the other. Whatever else we give up, the Charity Organisation Society would, I am sure, be the first to say let us never do anything which might tend to dry up that healing stream, which flowing out from the richer to the poorer in the form of comfort in sickness, and help and advice in times of difficulty, returns from the poor to the rich not only in blessings, but in such teaching and such heart-stirring examples as are not otherwise accessible to those who have no experience of poverty in their own persons.

The distinction between the work of individuals and that of societies has to be made with reference both to the work and to the people engaged in it. Some cases can best be relieved by individuals and some by societies, while some people can work best as members of an association and others independently. The Charity Organisation Society undertakes to make the distinction with regard to cases of distress, but no Society has yet arisen, nor probably can ever arise, for distributing the workers among the various societies which need their help, and to adjust the respective claims of independent and associated occupation. This choice must be made by each one of us on our own responsibility. The various publications of the Charity Organisation Society, however, afford valuable materials for making the decision. Workers are urgently needed both on the committees themselves and in connection with a variety of associations which they bring before our notice. That large majority of people who can work better under direction than independently may thus find plenty of work cut out for them, and can, if they prefer it, work upon purely unsectarian bases. Those on the other hand who lack either the leisure for regular work for the poor, or the inclination to submit to the degree of routine implied in concerted action,

may render a great service to the Society by allowing one or more of its committees to apply to them on behalf of special cases of such a kind as they may feel able to deal with, either by gifts in money or in kind, or by personal intercourse. And here let me say briefly what I have endeavoured to explain more fully in another place,¹ that those ladies who are not much able to leave home, but have a little space to spare in their homes and in their hearts, can do a quite special and most valuable service to the poor, and to those who work among them, by occasionally receiving at their own houses carefully-selected poor persons either for an occasional dinner, or as guests for two or three weeks or a month at a time. If any lady who is willing to try this experiment would make her willingness known to the Society through any of their district committees she would be soon supplied with as many or as few visitors as she wished of the class for whom our convalescent homes are intended, but are far from affording sufficient accommodation. The agents of the Charity Organisation Society, or of the Relief Societies, or the clergy or other regular visitors of the poor in their own homes, might be relied on to see that the poor visitors were sent sufficiently provided with clean clothes, and with properly attested medical certificates as a security against infection, and none but those who have tried it can say how delightful to both hostess and guests is the restorative process which is effected in a very short time by the warmth, good air, and good food (not prepared by their own hands or before their own eyes), the freedom from care and the cheerful welcome and friendly sympathy which can so easily be bestowed in any happy simple household, where mistress and servants are willing to take a little trouble to “entertain strangers.” Till we have seriously tried the experiment we have no right to say that our servants would not heartily join us in it. And it is quite a mistake to suppose

¹ See an article on “Receiving Strangers,” in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1879.

that all convalescents need country air. The change from poor homes in the crowded parts of London to any good-sized house in the comfortable quarters, is quite as great a gain for the poor as a journey to the sea-side is for the rich. In this and in many other ways those who cannot undertake regular work among the poor may strengthen the hands of those who do undertake it, by letting them feel that they have friends and helpers "at their back" to whom they may apply in case of need. Many of the committees sorely feel the want of such helpers, and all would be most thankful for names of residents to whom they might apply for such help as they cannot themselves bestow, but which it is most painful to them to have to refuse altogether. The Society also greatly needs the services of additional working members, especially ladies, on many of their district committees. It is obvious that the whole character of the Society's influence in any district depends upon the volunteers serving on the committee; and if its work does not always come up to the high expectations formed of it, our remedy is to strengthen its hands where they are weak, and to infuse a gentler element where it may be inclined to harshness.

The committees find it necessary in their reports to insist, again and again, not only on the nature of their plan of operations, but on the principles by which they are guided in giving or withholding the help which is asked from them. The first of these is not to assist those who are already receiving parish relief; obviously a necessary part of that endeavour to prevent overlapping, which is the very reason of the Society's existence; although in some cases it joins hands with the guardians with regard to particular cases in order to supply a kind of help which the guardians are not authorised to give; such as money to redeem tools, the cost of removal to other parishes than that to which the poor person belongs, or of emigration to countries other than British colonies, &c., &c.

Another rule is not to give help in providing the ordinary necessities of life, or rather in providing the necessities of life under ordinary circumstances. The Society consider that it is the duty of even the poorest to provide these for themselves and their families (including the duty of not having families larger than they can reasonably expect to provide for), and that a permanent society which should undertake in any degree to relieve the poor of this burden would be encouraging idleness and improvidence in the long run, and thus injuring those whom they were trying to help.

Thirdly, they will not give help in hopeless cases, because however unexpected and unavoidable may have been the misfortunes which have destroyed the power of self-maintenance, they consider that such cases properly belong to the province of the Poor Law, and would, as a rule, be best cared for in the workhouse infirmaries. Some of the committees, however, are in the habit of obtaining from other societies, or from private individuals, small pensions for such infirm and aged persons as may by that means be enabled to pass the evening of their lives under the care of relations not able to support them without some assistance.

And fourthly, all cases are dismissed at once as "undeserving" in which the applicant can be proved to be of drunken or immoral habits, or to have given wilfully false answers to the inquiries made of them.

The typical cases thus marked out as most suitable for assistance by the Charity Organisation Society are those of temporary distress brought about by sickness or accident, or some such cause, falling upon sober, respectable people, who could not reasonably be expected to provide against such emergencies. When it is believed that suitable assistance will set such people upon their feet again, and save them from being dragged down by misfortune into pauperism or dependence upon others, the Society assure us that they spare neither money nor

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toil in the endeavour to do so. Sometimes a timely gift or loan will be enough; and it is worth while to remark that, with scarcely an exception, all the committees speak most strongly in favour of the system of small loans, granted without interest on the security of some respectable person as nearly as possible of the borrower's own class, to be repaid by weekly instalments of one shilling in the pound. These loans are almost invariably repaid, as the Society make it well understood that the sureties will be strictly held to their obligation, and the poor naturally feel much more strongly their responsibility towards sureties in circumstances like their own than towards those who, as it seems to them, could so much better afford to lose the money. When money is granted, either as a loan or a gift, the Society attach great importance to the principle of giving liberally, if possible enough to float the persons helped, not mere doles which will need to be repeated again and again.

In some cases money is not the whole, nor even the most important part, of the assistance given. Advice and information, and the power of ascertaining and vouching for the respectability of candidates for employment, may obviously in many cases be of great service, and in giving help of this kind a widely spread society, with a uniform system and a central office, has manifest and great advantages.

Such is the outline of the objects aimed at by the Charity Organisation Society; the machinery by which it is accomplished scarcely needs description. It consists of a committee (meeting weekly) for each poor-law district, the honorary secretaries of which give daily attendance for a certain number of hours at the district office to receive applications from the poor or those interested in helping them. The honorary secretary conducts a certain preliminary examination, more or less according to a fixed routine, one part of which

consists in requiring from applicants for help, not only references, but a short sketch of their previous history; this process naturally makes impostors liable to much more easy and certain detection than a reference to people who may be acquainted only with a part of their career. The case is afterwards investigated on the spot by a paid agent, and all inquiries from previous employers and other referees are made by the honorary secretary; the results to be laid before the committee at their next weekly meeting. The committee then decide upon the steps to be taken, the execution of which is entrusted to one of themselves, to the honorary secretaries, or to the paid agent, as circumstances may require. At the office are kept records of all cases investigated, and reports of all the charitable societies in the district, with any other papers or books bearing upon the interests of the poor which may be thought useful. These records and other stores of information are placed freely at the service of any inquirers, to whom also advice in cases of difficulty is willingly given by the honorary secretaries.

Some committees keep at their office a "Labour Register" for men and women, which is found to be very useful. It would seem obviously desirable that such a register should exist in each district, and the work falls exactly within the province of the Charity Organisation Society.

The mere existence of such an association as the Society we are describing is a very powerful influence, especially as it is by many people regarded as a sort of embodiment of all the most approved theories and enlightened views of our day upon all subjects connected with charity. The effect of its theories and example upon our thoughts and feelings about the poor is already very marked, and will no doubt become more so in proportion as it succeeds in its endeavour to bind together the scattered branches of our various agencies of relief into one organised system. It is therefore a very im-

portant question how far the principles upon which it proceeds are the true and right principles upon which the poor should be dealt with by their richer brethren.

A great deal of the antagonism and coldness of which so many of these reports complain, arises, I think, from a misapprehension of the place and scope of the work undertaken by the Society. The common and obvious complaint against it is that it is harsh and severe in its operations, and in the restrictions which by its example it tends to impose upon the benevolence of the rich. I do not think this complaint is quite a just one as regards the Society; nor do I believe that it quite fully expresses the real feeling of those who make it. I think it is really prompted by a doubt, sometimes only half-consciously entertained, whether the principles of the Charity Organisation Society, and the state of things which it aims at bringing about, may not be in the long run incompatible with more specially Christian principles and aims. Under a good deal of dissatisfaction with the Society there lurks a doubt whether "Charity Organisation" is in reality a part, though not the highest part, of Christian service; or whether it is not in fact a logical outcome of the unbelief and secularism of the day. Of course there are those to whom this last hypothesis would involve no conclusions unfavourable to the Society, but I cannot treat the question from that point of view.

The Christian ideal, we all feel, is an outpouring of love upon the just and the unjust. It aims at nothing less than to be "*perfect*, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect." As He makes His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust, and sends rain upon the unthankful and the evil, so Christian charity would make no distinction of persons; or, if any distinction is made, it is in favour of those whose need is the greatest. It rejoices above all things in the restoration of the erring, leaving the ninety-and-nine to go after that which is lost,

forgiving until seventy-times-seven, and blessing those who despitefully use it. It would fain have all things in common, and values its command of money only as a stewardship through which it may speak an unmistakable language of love which will reach the heart. It is the working of a principle which fills with spiritual meaning the simplest act of kindness, as the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, is a brotherly offering of love to the children of our common Father.

Hearts fed upon such visions as these must needs feel a chill in turning to a system which aims, or seems to aim, above all things, at training every man to do without assistance, and in the first place to do the best he can for himself; which calmly rejects the "undeserving," and omits all reference to the restoration of the erring, unless the path into which they are straying be that of pauperism, and their fault a tendency to lean too much upon our help.

But it is obviously unjust to compare a part with the whole, the work of the hand or the foot with the work of the body. The Charity Organisation Society have marked out for themselves very distinctly one special aim in their dealings with the poor. It is so to apply the money at their command as to make it tend most effectually to lessen poverty in the long run. The even-handed distribution of public alms, subject to the general maxim, "he that will not work, neither let him eat," is by no means inconsistent with the purest spirit of Christian love. If we do bestow any of our substance to feed the poor, we are bound to see that it is bestowed well and wisely; and we may even be justified at times in postponing objects of deeper importance to the pressing urgency of physical needs. To put preaching before relief in order of time would be as great a mistake as to put relief before preaching in order of importance.

The danger is lest the central and eminent position occupied by the Society should lead us to look upon

its work as if it assumed to be the type of all that charity should be. I cannot help thinking that if it had been called the "Society for Organising Relief," instead of "Charity," it would have shown a truer conception of its own province, and would have been less likely to be misunderstood and therefore misjudged by others. For charity, truly so called, is not a fit subject for organisation, and the very name rather grates upon the spiritual ear as if it implied a material view of that divinest grace.

Material and spiritual things are, however, so interwoven, that even when we have fully recognised that there need be no conflict between the aims of the Charity Organisation Society and those of religion, there may yet remain a misgiving lest the weight of the Society's influence should prove to be thrown into the scale of severity and not of mercy. The great and standing difficulty in dealing with those who depend upon us in any way is to adjust the respective claims of merit and of need. When the two are combined, of course all is easy; but how rarely are they combined in equal degrees! In trying to help the poor this difficulty meets us at every turn. The most "deserving" are very seldom the most in want; the most hopeful cases are by no means those which appeal the most powerfully to our feelings. The Charity Organisation Society *seems* to recommend a stern disregard of feeling, and a resolute dismissal of all undeserving and unpromising applicants. Of course this dismissal may be, and probably is, only a necessary part of the work of classification. The Society may have no intention whatever of discouraging in others that spirit of Christian chivalry which covets above all things to serve on the "forlorn hopes" of charity. But the fact that the Society does sift out from among the objects of its own beneficence all the "undeserving," must, I think, to some ex-

tent, lend the weight of its authority to the theory that it is according to merit, rather than according to necessity, that we should give help. To work out the relation of this view or this practice to the Christian ideal of charity, and to show how they may, as I believe, be reconciled, would be beyond my present scope. I will only say here that they are, I believe, to be reconciled by keeping in view the ancient and obvious, but often forgotten, distinction between almsgiving and charity; between the help which lessens poverty and the help which redeems from evil. For while Christian charity includes the just and the unjust in its universal embrace, spending its life-blood the most freely for the most erring, the very same spirit of charity may well teach us to give money only to those who can be trusted to use it well. We all need mercy, and goodwill is profitable to all, but this is far from being equally true of gifts of money.

I do not know exactly how far the Society can be said to represent any particular theory or ideal, but I see one clear gain in the comparatively modern view of our relations to the poor which is so largely represented by it. It is the recognition of the fact, that to help them to do their duty is a greater kindness than to give them food and clothing; and that the worst use we can make of our influence is to tempt them to flinch either from work or from honesty. For the part which it has taken in bringing out this view of the matter, our earnest thanks are due to the Charity Organisation Society. And if there are other sides of truth to which it seems to some of us to do less complete justice, let those who naturally look on the other side make it their care to supply with equal zeal that which is needed to complete the sphere of perfect fellowship in good works.

C. E. S.

BURNS'S UNPUBLISHED COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

III.

AFTER the last four lines of the ode on Mrs. Oswald the Common-place Book gives on page 27 :—

Vol. I. pa. 185.

CASTLE GORDON—intended to be sung to Morag—

1

¹ Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains ;

¹ Currie gives the following account of the circumstances under which this song was composed from 'information extracted from a letter of Dr. Cowper, of Fochabers' to himself. "In the course of the preceding winter (1786-7) Burns had been introduced to the Duchess of Gordon, at Edinburgh, and presuming on this acquaintance, he proceeded to Gordon Castle, leaving Mr. Nicoll at the inn in the village. At the Castle our poet was received with the utmost hospitality and kindness, and the family being about to sit down to dinner, he was invited to take his place at table as a matter of course. This invitation he accepted, and after drinking a few glasses of wine, he rose up, and proposed to withdraw. On being pressed to stay, he mentioned, for the first time, his engagement with his fellow traveller ; and his noble host offering to send a servant to conduct Mr. Nicoll to the Castle, Burns insisted on undertaking the office himself. He was however accompanied by a gentleman, a particular acquaintance of the Duke, by whom the invitation was delivered in all the forms of politeness. The invitation came too late, the pride of Nicoll was inflamed into a high degree of passion, by the neglect which he had already suffered. He had ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, being determined to proceed on his journey alone ; and they found him parading the streets of Fochabers, before the door of the inn, venting his anger on the postillion, for the slowness with which he obeyed his commands. As no explanation nor entreaty could change the purpose of his fellow-traveller, our poet was reduced to the necessity of separating from him entirely, or of instantly proceeding with him on their journey. He chose the last of these alternatives, and seating himself beside Nicoll in the postchaise, with mortification and regret, he turned his back on Gordon Castle, where he had promised himself some happy days. Sensible however of the great kindness of the noble family, he made the best

Glowing here on golden sands,
There ² immixed with foulest stains
From Tyranny's empurpled ³ hands :
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave ² the tyrants and their slaves,
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by CASTLE GORDON.—

2

Torrid ³ forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil ;
Or the ruthless Native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by CASTLE GORDON.

3

Wildly here without ⁴ controul control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober, pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,

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She plants the forest, pours the flood :
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonny ⁴ CASTLE GORDON.⁵

The poem was entered after January, 1789, when the ode on Mrs. Oswald was written, and probably, as Currie says, sent to Castle Gordon, to Mr. James Hoy, the Duke's librarian, with whom Burns had struck up a warm friendship. His letter, dated Oct. 20, 1787, does not mention it, but Mr.

return in his power, by the following poem." Burns described Nicoll to Mr. Cunningham (Paterson's edition, iv. 274) thus : "In short his mind is like his body, he has a confounded strong inkne'd sort of a soul ;" and he compared himself during this excursion (iv. p. 284) to "a man travelling with a loaded blunderbuss at full cock."

² Currie gives 'commix'd' for 'immixed,' 'bands' for 'hands,' and 'to' for 'the.'

³ Currie gives 'epicy' for 'torrid.'

⁴ Currie gives 'controul' for 'control' and 'bonnie' for 'bonny.'

⁵ Currie adds in a note : "These verses our poet composed to be sung to *Morag*, a Highland air, of which he was extremely fond."

Hoy's answer,—Gordon Castle, 31st October, 1787,—says :—

"Your song I shewed without producing the author, and it was judged by the Duchess to be the production of Dr. Beattie" (1). "I sent a copy of it by her Grace's desire, to a Mrs. McPherson in Badenoch, who sings *Morag* and all other Gaelic songs in great perfection. I have recorded it likewise, by Lady Charlotte's desire, in a book belonging to her ladyship; where it is in company with a great many other poems and verses, some of the writers of which are no less eminent for their political than their poetical abilities. When the Duchess was informed that you were the author, she wished you had written the verses in Scotch."

Burns left Gordon Castle about Sept. 8th. On Oct. 20th he writes to Hoy :

"I shall certainly, among my legacies, leave my latest curse to that unlucky predicament which hurried—tore me away from Castle Gordon. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be curst to Scotch mile periods, and damned to seven league paragraphs; while Declension and Conjugation, Gender, Number, and Time, under the ragged banners of Dissonance and Disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array."

Hoy answers :—

"As for *Dick Latine* (your travelling companion), without banning him wi' a' the curses contained in your letter (which he'll no value a bawbee), I should give him nought but *Strabogic custocks* to chew for *sax ouks*."

After Castle Gordon comes the following poem on p. 28. It was first published by Robert Chambers from a "portion of a manuscript book in Burns's handwriting, which is now in the possession of Mr. B. Nightingale, London." It occurs there after the verses on the Stirling window, under the title of a Song by the Same Hand. I note the variations from the version of the Common-place Book, in which it was entered after January 1789.

Scots Ballad.—Tune, Mary¹ weep no more for me.—

My heart is wae and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens² green,
And th' bonie³ lass of Albanie.⁴

¹ Chambers gives 'Mary's Dream' as the tune.

² Charles died at Rome, and his obsequies were celebrated at Frascati where his brother Cardinal York lived.

³ 'Bonny' for 'bonie,' 'Albany' for 'Albanie,' and throughout.

No. 235.—VOL. XL.

This lovely maid's of noble⁴ blood,
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three;
But Oh, Alas! for her bonie face!
They hae⁵ wrang'd the lass of Albanie.—

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,
There sits an isle of high degree;
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albanie.—

But there is⁶ a youth, a witless youth,⁶
That fills the place where she should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore;
And bring our ain sweet Albanie.—

Alas the day, and woe⁷ the day,
A false Usurper wan the gree,
That now commands the towers and lands,
The royal right of Albanie.—

But we'll daily

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We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most ferventlie,⁸
That⁹ the time may come, with pipe and drum,
We'll welcome home⁹ fair Albanie.—

Albany was an ancient name for the Highlands. Probably it is only another form of Albion, the original name of Britain among its Celtic inhabitants. The title of Duke of Albany was first conferred on the brother of King Robert III. of Scotland, then acting as Regent. It was conferred successively on Darnley,

⁴ 'Noble' for 'roya' 'they've' for 'they hae.'

⁵ 'There's' for 'there is.'

⁶ The 'witless youth' was the 'Prince of Wales,' afterwards George IV., who was born in 1762. In the first three years after his majority, he amassed debts amounting to half a million. It was in 1787 that Parliament granted him 160,000*l.* to pay them. In the same year he repudiated Mrs. Fitzherbert under the advice of his friend Charles James Fox. She afterwards received a pension of 8,000*l.* a year from the royal family. The position of the Prince of Wales was discussed in the debates on the Regency, Dec. 1787—March 1788, which arose on the apparently permanent disablement of King George III. They were terminated by the King's recovery, but for months in the winter of 1787-1788 the whole country rang with them, and with the struggle between Fox who took the Prince's part and Pitt who took the King's. See Knight's *History of England*, vol. vii. pp. 151—155.

⁷ 'Wo' for 'woe.'

⁸ 'Ferventlie' for 'ferventlie,' 'the time,' for 'that the time,' 'hame' for 'home.'

Mary Stuart's unfortunate husband, and in their infancy on Charles I. and James II. George III. conferred it on his second son, Frederick.

The town referred to in the Frith of Clyde is of course Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, from which the Prince of Wales takes his first Scotch title.

The story of the Duchess of Albany, daughter and heiress of the unfortunate Prince Charlie, who nursed him till he died, wearied with misfortune and disappointment, and shattered by the habits which had gradually got the mastery over him in the latter years of his despair, is so curious, and so little known in this country, that I may perhaps be forgiven for attempting a brief outline of it founded on Alfred von Reumont's admirable monograph, *Die Gräfin von Albany*.

The Chevalier de St. George, the Pretender of the Hanoverians and the James III. of the Jacobites, married Marie Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the great King of Poland, and goddaughter of Pope Clement XI. The marriage was opposed by the Emperor Charles VI., who was friendly to the house of Hanover, and the young girl was detained by his orders at Innsbruck on her road to Italy in October, 1718. In 1719, she escaped in disguise to Bologna, where she was married by proxy at seventeen years of age. Her bridegroom was absent organising a Spanish attempt at an invasion of England in his interests, which shattered in the storms of the Bay of Biscay, as the Spanish Armada had done before it, only two ships reaching the Scotch coast. The Pope received his goddaughter with royal magnificence. The Spouses met in September, their marriage was crowned with all the blessings of the Church, and the Palazzo Sacchetti assigned for the residence of their little court of exiles. One of their Courtiers was John Walkinshaw, of Barronsfield, in Lanarkshire, a gentleman who had fought at Sheriffmuir and had acted as James's secret agent in the Emperor's capital. He had made the best of his way to Rome, probably

after the Emperor had shown his rage at the escape of his girl-captive by throwing her father, Prince James Sobieski, into prison. Out of gratitude for his services the Jacobite Queen became godmother to his infant daughter, Clementina Walkinshaw, whose story came to be so closely interwoven after her death with that of her own eldest son.

The King and Queen had two children—Charles Edward Louis Casimir, born on the 31st December, 1720, and named Prince of Wales, and Henry Benedict, Duke of York, born on the 20th March, 1725. At the birth of the heir to the crown of the Jacobites there were great rejoicings. Seven Cardinals were present and the Pope ordered a *Te Deum*. Before the second son arrived things had altered dreadfully for the worse. Very shortly after his birth his mother left her husband and took refuge from her own jealousy, or from the substantial cause he may perhaps have given for it, in the Benedictine cloister at Trastevere. She remained there for nearly a couple of years, and it was not till after the sudden death of George II. in June, 1727, which for a brief moment renewed their hopes, that the married pair again lived together.

Meanwhile the young Prince Charlie grew up a brilliant boy full of fire and generosity, devoted to athletic sports, a first-rate shot, the worthy heir of a long line of kings, most of whom had been men of far more than average intellectual and moral force. When he was only fourteen he served at the siege of Gaeta, and a year later he was engaged under the title of Count Albany in the Lombard war. About this time his mother died, in her thirty-third year. On her monument in St. Peter's at Rome one still reads the record of the unfulfilled hopes which had danced like Will o' the Wisp before her eyes through all her married life—"Clementina Magnae Britanniae et Hiberniae Regina."

I need scarcely touch on the well-known story of "the Forty-five"—the

final issue of innumerable intrigues at all the European Courts and with half the noble families of Scotland and England. After the meteor splendour of his early successes had faded away—when his weary and dispirited troops were prosecuting the siege of Stirling on their way back to their Highland fastnesses, and fighting the last battle of Falkirk in which fortune smiled on their cause, Prince Charlie met his old playmate, his mother's goddaughter, Clementina Walkinshaw, who with her father had come to Scotland after him, at Bannockburn House. The connection then begun lasted till 1760. Clementina followed him to the Continent, lived with him in one city of refuge after another, and bore him a daughter, Charlotte Stuart, in 1753, at Liège. His foreign friends visited and paid court to her, but his English adherents bitterly deplored the connection, believing that their secrets sometimes filtered through her sister who was in the service of the Dowager Princess of Wales, and found their way to the most dangerous quarters. They sent him an ambassador to whose remonstrances he refused to listen, not, he said, from any passion for her, but from his settled determination not to allow an interference in his affairs which would never have been attempted but for his misfortunes.

In 1760, while he was absent, Clementina Walkinshaw and her seven-year old daughter left his house for ever. She had been anxious that their little girl should be educated in a convent, and serious differences seem to have arisen between them on the subject. The English ambassadors reported home that by this time Charles had sunk into habits of drunkenness, and that personal ill usage was the cause of Miss Walkinshaw's flight. Whatever the facts were, the Prince did everything possible to recover her after he returned home and found her gone. He appealed to Louis XV. in vain. The Prince's father took her part and granted her a suitable pension, and

mother and daughter lived comfortably for the next five-and-twenty years in various convents in Paris and at Meaux. In the attempt to drown remembrance, Charles seems to have sunk deeper and deeper into dissipation. A sheet of paper written about this time has the words he scrawled upon it: '*De vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup plus que de mourir.*' In the spring of 1761, H. Stanley, the British ambassador at Paris, writes that the son of the Pretender drinks heavily in the morning, that his people have to put him to bed unconscious at night, and that the emigrants themselves have the poorest opinion of him.

Whether there was ever any written contract of marriage between Clementina Walkinshaw and Prince Charlie must remain uncertain. On March 9th, 1767, she was compelled, by the threat of the stoppage of her pension, to deny that there had ever been any foundation for the report. The day after she signed her declaration to that effect she wished to withdraw it, but it was too late. By that time, in his 78th year, the old Pretender had laid aside the burden of his shadowy crown at the little court he had held in Rome for nearly fifty years. He died on New Year's Day, 1766, before his son and heir could arrive. For months before Charles had been vainly negotiating with the Pope to be recognised as heir-apparent and as King of Great Britain when death should put an end to his father's sufferings. He arrived at Rome on the 23rd January, 1766. James III. had been buried with all the honours due to a reigning sovereign. Forty-six years previously he himself had been recognised by the Pope as Prince of Wales, but the new Pope would grant no recognition except in concert with other European States. A few miles from the city Charles Edward met the Cardinal Duke of York, whose acceptance of the Cardinalate nineteen years before (in 1747) had really, as he foresaw, given the deathblow to the hopes of his house. The act had been

approved by his father, and was completed before Charles was told that it was in contemplation. Since that time the brothers had never met. They struggled hard to obtain from the Pope a recognition of the royal rights of Charles III., but in vain.

Pope Clement XIII. died in 1769, but there was no change in the official attitude of his successor. In 1770, the French Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, seems to have wished to favour one more attempt at the invasion of England in his interests. Charles hurried to Paris in the deepest secrecy. The Duc de Choiseul and the Maréchal de Broglie arranged that he should drive up to the Hôtel de Choiseul at midnight, carefully disguised, and in a hackney coach. They waited till one, and at last they heard the sound of wheels. When Charles arrived he was too tipsy for conversation, and next morning he was ordered to leave France at once. The ministers saw that it was hopeless to attempt anything for him. It was the last chance of the unfortunate Young Chevalier. He returned to Italy, living successively at Florence, Pisa, Siena, and Rome. In 1772, when he was 52 years of age, he unexpectedly married Louise, Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, at that time a girl of twenty. She had been educated in a convent at Brussels, and was only in name and parentage a German. A new minister of foreign affairs guided the policy of France, and there is little doubt that political hopes induced the French Government to encourage, as political fears would have induced the Austrian Emperor to prevent, the marriage. It was accomplished at Paris, on the 28th of March, by proxy, like his father's. It was completed at Loreto on Good Friday, April 17th. The medal struck on the occasion has the portrait of Charles on the one side with the legend—Carolus III. nat. MDCCXX Magn. Brit. Franc. et Hibern. Rex MDCCCLXVI, and her portrait on the other with the legend Ludovica Magn. Brit. Franc. et Hibern. Regina. MDCCCLXXII.

Even at first the marriage seems

not to have been a happy one. Hopes of issue which at one time fluttered the hearts of the Jacobites of Europe, disappeared, and the young girl, eagerly devoted to art and literature, and full of romance, found her visionary hopes mocked by the sad realities of her married life.

Count Vittorio Alfieri, the poet, met the Countess of Albany for the first time in 1777. He was then 29 and she was 27, and a friendship destined to be the chief happiness of both their lives soon sprung up between them. He was her devoted Cavalier, according to the manner of Italy, and though her husband never let her out of his sight, the feelings of the two young people for each other were well understood in Florence. At length, in 1780, she felt that she could no longer endure her bondage. The story of her flight from her husband's house is told in Horace Mann's *Letters from Florence*, Dec. 12, 1780 :—

"I have often had occasion to mention to Your Lordship the irregular behaviour of the Pretender, but a late instance of it has produced a scene last Saturday, of which it is my duty to give Your Lordship the earliest account. Of late the intemperance of his behaviour, especially when he was heated with wine and stronger liquors, has been vented against his wife, whom he has for a long time treated in the most indecent and cruel manner. On St. Andrew's Day, which he always celebrated by indulging himself in drinking more than usual, he ill-treated her in the most outrageous manner by the most abusive language and beating her, and at night by . . . attempting to choke her. Her screams roused the whole family, and their assistance prevented any other violence ; but it is supposed that from that instant she determined to separate from him, though she concealed her intention till she could write to the Cardinal of York to represent the affair to him and to receive his answer. In the meantime she meditated on the means of putting it into execution. The Cardinal's answer was conceived in terms of great civility and compassion, exhorting her, for the honour of his family, to bear with his brother's behaviour as long as she could, but promising her both assistance and protection in case she should be obliged to leave him. Fresh instances of his cruelty making her think herself in danger of her life, she meditated on the means of putting her resolution into effect ; for which purpose she made her case privately known to the Great Duke, and invited a lady of her

acquaintance to breakfast with her in company with her husband as she had often done before; after which he proposed to the ladies to take the air in his coach as usual, and they, under the pretence of visiting a sort of convent, not a strict cloister, which is immediately under the Great Duchess's protection, induced him to go thither, having previously engaged a gentleman of her acquaintance to be there to hand her out of her coach and prevent any acts of violence that might ensue, as the Pretender always carried pistols in his pocket. The ladies getting first into the convent, the door was immediately shut and barred to prevent the Pretender's going in. He flew into a violent passion, demanding his wife: a Lady of the Court who has the direction of that place in the name of the Great Duchess, came to the grate and told him that the Countess Albanie had put herself under the protection of the Great Duke, and that being in danger of her life, she had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more. Upon which he returned home, where he committed the greatest extravagances, and has since declared that he will give a thousand zeechins to anybody who will kill the gentleman who assisted his wife on that occasion. He likewise had the folly to say publicly that he knew that by his Majesty's order I had given several thousand zeechins to his wife to induce her to administer a potion. . . . He immediately sent Count Spada his gentleman to the Great Duke to complain of what had happened and to demand his wife; but he received a very unfavourable answer. Thus the affair remains at present."

She wrote to her brother-in-law Cardinal York who had always befriended her, and on his advice she left Florence for Rome in the end of December.

"Besides her own servants she was attended by one of the nuncio's, and other steps were taken by order of the Great Duke, for her greater security against any molestation, in case the Pretender should have got notice of her departure."

In the end of 1782, Charles formally demanded of the Pope, to whom, to the Pope's great dissatisfaction, he had persuaded an ambassador to convey his message, that his wife should be restored to him, that his papal pension should not be diminished by the portion which had been assigned her, and that Count Alfieri, whom he accused of having been chiefly instrumental in devising her elopement, should be banished from Rome. To safeguard her reputation, Alfieri avoided going to Rome from Florence

till February, 1781, when he saw the Countess at the grating of her convent. She left it in the end of March to live in the palace of her brother-in-law the Cardinal at Frascati, and there in May 1781, Alfieri, who stayed in Rome till 1783, resumed his visits. Charles stayed in Florence, where he was very ill in the latter half of March, 1783. Alfieri left Rome in May of the same year, and the fact that the Countess retained the friendship, and lived in the house of her brother-in-law, and was received by the Pope during these two years, while her poet-lover was sighing at her feet, was no doubt accepted as a complete guarantee of her reputation.

At the close of 1783, King Gustavus III., of Sweden, appeared as a mediator. He was born in 1746, while Charles Edward was besieging Stirling and meeting Clementina Walkinshaw. At this time Gustavus was one of the most distinguished princes of Europe. So far, the struggle with his nobility, in which his whole life was spent, and which ended, without advantage to them, in his murder by Count Ankarström at a masked ball in Stockholm in the middle of March, 1792, had been eminently successful, and Sweden looked upon its eloquent and accomplished King as a second Gustavus Adolphus. The King, who had never worn a crown, and the King whose days were already numbered in the register of fate, met on December 1st, 1783. They talked of everything. The elder told the younger the story of his secret visit to London in 1750, when he had met fifty Jacobites in a house in Pall Mall. Both were Freemasons, and Charles claimed to be grand master of all the lodges of the North of Europe, a fact which goes a long way to explain the "Jacobitism of the heart" in which Burns indulged. From Florence, Gustavus proceeded to Rome, and saw the Countess of Albany and the Cardinal Duke of York. On the 27th March, 1784, Charles wrote to him that he placed himself entirely in the hands of so worthy a friend.

"For I know no one to whom I can better trust both my honour and my interests. Try to settle this business as soon as possible. I consent absolutely to a complete separation from my wife, and that she should no longer bear my name."

The Countess renounced her pin-money and part of her pension, the French court assuring her of a corresponding sum. The pope sanctioned a separation *a mensa et thoro*, and on the 3rd of April, 1784, Charles forwarded his official consent. Immediately afterwards we find him complaining bitterly of his brother, who kept back a portion of the pension from the Pope to pay the expenses of the Countess's residence in his palace at Frascati.

"Il faut observer aussi que le tyran de mon frère ne veut pas absolument me donner un liard, de sorte que je n'ai pas le pain pour ma table."

The Cardinal was a strict man, not generous in money matters, and unpopular with the people in Frascati, whom he would have liked to see spending their days in church, instead of going to *festas* and wasting the hours of preparation for eternity in frivolous merrymaking. But he seems to have been just, if he was narrow, and he had a true vocation for the profession of Cardinal, on which he had entered at the age of twenty-two.

Immediately after the divorce, Charles legitimised his daughter by Clementina Walkinshaw, then thirty-one years of age, by a solemn act registered in the Parliament of Paris, 6th September, 1784. The act of legitimation declares that she was his natural daughter by Miss Clementina Walkinshaw at a time when both parents were free of any other contract, and it was registered by permission of Louis XVI., on whose head also fate had set its seal.

On the 5th of October, Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, by which title she had been legitimised by her father, came to him at Florence. From that time she never left him, and the last four years of the unhappy man, who had hoped to have 'ruled Albion's kingdoms three,' were sweet-

ened by an affection and tenderness he had never perhaps known since his mother's death, when he was fifteen. His last will and testament—

("Testamento mistico di Carlo Odoardo Stuart figlio primogenito della fu Maestà Sua Giacomo III Rè della Gran Bretagna del dì 22 Ottobre 1784, ricevuto nello stesso giorno dal Notaro S. Leonardo Maria Checcani, e pubblicato in Archivio il 2 Febbrajo 1788"—) was drawn up on the 22nd. He made her his executrix. He named

'Mia Erede universale' 'S. A. R. la Sig. Carlotta Stuart, Duchessa d'Albany mia figlia naturale nata da me é della Sig. Clementina Walingsbu (Walkinshaw), in detto tempo ambedue in stato libero, legittima e restituita pienamente ai legittimi natali con una legittimazione plenaria per atto inserito nel Parlamento di Parigi, con approvazione del Rè di Francia, e suo Ministro degli affari esteri Sig. Conte de Vergennes, gli 6 Settembre 1784, presentemente commorante in questa Città di Firenze, con me Testatore.'

He left numerous legacies to his brother (mio amatissimo fratello), to whom he specially recommended his daughter, his friends, and his servants, the result of which was that ultimately the Duchess's legacy proved small enough. He left nothing to his divorced Countess, whom he did not even mention in the will. The document is signed Charles R.

The Countess betook herself to Alsace in 1785, where she again met and lived with Count Alfieri in 1787. They left their rural elysium for Paris, and from that time lived together. In 1786 (January 6th), King Gustavus writes to the Countess of the reconciliation of the two brothers:—

"Vous savez sans doute déjà le raccommodement des deux frères, et que le Comte d'Albanie va à Rome pour y passer l'hiver. Il m'a annoncé cet événement important pour lui de la manière la plus honnête. Je voudrais bien qu'il y trouvât le bonheur et la tranquillité qui ont toujours fui pendant la cours de sa vie. On dit que c'est sa fille qui l'a remis avec son frère: elle doit avoir du mérite. J'espère que cela ne nuira pas à vos intérêts."

It was not till October, 1785, that the Cardinal, Duke of York, took any notice of his brother's daughter. She met him in Perugia, and won him to a complete reconciliation. Charles left

Florence for Rome for ever on the 2nd of December. The change seemed for a while to revive the dying man. His daughter was received by the Pope, and warmly welcomed in the best Roman society. He spent his last days in the palace where he had drawn his first breath. He went out little. Corani, who saw him at this time, says that he found him always huddled up on a sofa, or petting a little spaniel, that never left him for a moment. One day, Mr. Greathed, a friend of Charles Fox, visited him, and began to talk of "the Forty-five." At first he was unwilling to speak, but as Greathed went on, the languor of his faculties seemed to pass away, his eye glowed, and he told the story of his campaign, of the perils he had afterwards undergone, of the measureless loyalty of his Highlanders, and the cruel vengeance which so soon after overtook many of them. He grew more and more excited till his strength failed altogether, and he fell on the floor unconscious. At the noise the Duchess rushed in from the next room, crying, "What have you done, sir? You must have been talking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders. Nobody is allowed to mention them in his presence." Once, we are told, when he happened to hear the mournful strains of "Lochaber no more," which had wailed through the prison cells of his adherents before they were led to the scaffold, he burst into tears.

The separated husband and wife took each their several ways. When the news that the grave had closed over the husband of her youth, on the 30th January, 1788, reached the Countess of Albany, Alfieri tells us that she was deeply touched. The young Pretender was buried at Frascati, after sixty-eight years of troubled life, and his Cardinal brother paid him the honours due to a king. His daughter's affection and his brother's respect made the descent to the tomb easier for the heir of so many kings. On his coffin, across the inscription—

CAROLUS III. MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX.

lay the star and decoration of the Garter.

Cardinal York immediately claimed the crown, and a medal was struck, with his portrait on the one side and a legend commemorating the strange mixture of incongruous dignities, "Henricus IX. Magnæ Brit. Franc, et Hib. rex Fidei defensor Card. Ep. Tusc.," and on the reverse, the mournful epitaph of that divine right of kings which had led so many gallant hearts in that century down the way to dusty death:—

Non desideris hominum sed voluntate Dei
MDCCLXXXVIII.

The 'Bonie lass of Albanie' survived her father less than two years. Her inheritance proved small, but her uncle remembered his brother's last will, and assigned her all the income he received from the Apostolic Camera. She lived in his palace in the same rooms as the Countess of Albany had occupied six years before. The only sign that she had enemies before or after her father's death is the fact that, in 1786, Goethe refused to be introduced to her when he was in Rome. That absolute monarch assigns no reason for the attitude he assumed to the heiress of the Stuarts. The Duchess, indeed, seems to have justified King Gustavus's remark, and to have been a person of really striking merit. She sickened in 1789, an operation had to be performed to alleviate sufferings somewhat similar to those which tormented the last days of her grandmother, Mary Clementina Sobieski, and on the 14th of November, 1789, the 'bonie lass of Albany' was gathered to her fathers.

"Incisionem forti animo sustinuit; at crudescente morbo et in gangrenam, post dies 39, placide regia virgo obdormivit in Domino, sacramentis omnibus ex Catholico ritu devotissime susceptis," says the official record of the death of "Carlotta, ex regio sanguine Stuardo, Filia Caroli III quondam Iacobi idem III Angliæ Regis."

Her uncle, the Cardinal, was her heir, but she directed him to continue to pay an allowance to her mother, who

lived at Freiburg, Switzerland, as Countess of Alberstorff, till 1802.

The after life of the divorced Countess of Albany has an interest of its own. The shadowy crown of Great Britain and Ireland, which had tempted the imagination of the convent-bred girl of twenty, as it had dazzled her young mother-in-law, fifty-three years before, had fallen from her head, but the laurel with which her poet-lover replaced it remains green for ever.

They lived together in Paris in the stormy days of the French Revolution, and visited England, where she was presented to George III. and Queen Caroline. Sir William Wraxall describes her residence in Paris in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, in the Faubourg St. Germain. In one of the rooms there was a throne-seat with the royal arms of Great Britain above it, and all the silver of the establishment was stamped with them. She bore the title of Countess of Albany, but her servants always addressed her as your Majesty. She was visited by the French Minister, the Papal Nuncio, the Austrian Ambassador, and a crowd of distinguished English and French people. Among the rest were the Baroness von Staël Holstein, the famous daughter of Necker and of Gibbon's early love, and the still more famous and unfortunate Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards Empress. With both of them she maintained a close and intimate friendship till death. The unmarried lovers stayed in Paris till after the storming of the Bastille, and the emigration of Polignac and the Comte d'Artois. One night in September Alfieri and a friend were stopped by an excited mob in the streets, and as Paris soon became too dangerous a residence for one whose head had once been circled with a shadowy crown, they went to Normandy in the autumn of 1790, and crossed to London in the spring of 1791. Two-thirds of their income withered to paper in the storms of the French Revolution. In England they visited Oxford, Windsor, and Hampton Court, and saw Herschel's observatory at

Salthill. The whirl of society in London, with its unnatural life—the ladies going to bed at four in the morning and getting up after midday—bewildered and fatigued the widow of Charles Stuart. It was on Queen Caroline's birthday, in 1791, that the Princess Stolberg was presented to her and the King, and that she had a long interview with the whole of the Royal Family,—the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., Clarence, afterwards William IV., and the royal princesses being present. That night she went to the opera and sat in the royal box. On the birthday of her father-in-law, the old Pretender, she attended a diet of Parliament, sitting with other ladies at the foot of the throne. She and Alfieri had intended to visit Scotland, but bad weather prevented them. At the end of 1791 they went to Brussels, from which city they returned to Paris.

They left the French capital once more on the 18th August, 1792, a week after the king had been made prisoner. They were just in time. Though their passports were perfectly regular, they were stopped for half-an-hour at the gates of Paris by an excited mob from a tavern outside the walls, though the officer of the feeble National Guard that was stationed there wished to let them pass. At last, after a scene of wild excitement, which Alfieri describes in the most vivid colours, they were allowed to go. Two days later their house in Paris was broken open, and all its contents "looted" by the mob. By September they had escaped from France into Belgium, where they heard the news of the king's execution. On the 3rd of November they arrived at Florence. They saw the tide of French invasion flow and ebb over their Tuscan country. The bloody day of Marengo laid Italy at the feet of Buonaparte. The Pope fled from Rome, the Roman Republic was proclaimed in 1798, and all Italy was shaken from the Alps to the farthest Calabria by the after-swell of the French Revolution.

Alfieri spent those years in a literary

activity, to which his accomplished companion was always his best inspiration. He died in his 55th year, in 1803, on the 8th of October. Chateaubriand, who was passing through Florence, on his way to Rome, saw him in his coffin. His friend writes two months afterwards that he

"Mourut sans fièvre, comme un oiseau, sans agonie, sans le savoir. 'Ah, Monsieur, quelle douleur! J'ai tout perdu; c'est comme si on m'avait arraché le cœur.' 'Imaginez-vous que depuis dix ans je ne l'avois jamais quitté; que nous passions nos journées ensemble; j'étois à côté de lui quand il travailloit, je l'exhortois à ne pas tout se fatiguer, mais c'étoit en vain: son ardeur pour l'étude et le travail augmentoit tous les jours, et il cherchoit à oublier les circonstances des temps en s'occupant continuellement.' What a cry of despair this is: 'Vous savez par expérience quel malheur affreux c'est de perdre une personne avec qui on a vécu pendant 26 ans, et qui ne m'a jamais donné un moment de déplaisir, que j'ai toujours adorée, respectée et vénérée. Je suis la plus malheureuse créature qui existe; j'ai tout perdu mon sentiment dans ces circonstances malheureuses, ma consolation, et ma société. Je suis seule dans ce monde qui m'est devenu odieux.'"

The inscription for her tombstone, written by Alfieri himself, tells his feelings:

... A Victorio Alfieri
Ultra res omnes dilecta
Et quasi mortale numen
Ab ipso constanter habita
Et observata.

It was not till January 29th, 1824, in her 72nd year, thirty-six years all but a day after her husband—that she died, full of years and memories, in the beloved Florence, where she had loved and endured so much.

I could willingly follow the widow of Charles Stuart, and the friend of Alfieri through the twenty long and deeply interesting years during which she lived alone in the world, always the centre of a distinguished society—gathering round her by the unfailing charm of her conversation and her character all the best people who came near Florence in that memorable time. Her brother-in-law, the Cardinal Duke of York, died on July 13th, 1807, in his 82nd year—sixty years after the fatal day when he and

his father for ever ruined the Jacobite cause, by clothing him with the scarlet of his Cardinalate, and nineteen years after he had ascended the visionary throne of his ancestors as Henry IX. The mortal remains of the venerable priest were laid beside those of his father and his brother, in the grottoes of the Vatican, and it was George IV. who erected a monument over their graves.

Jacobo III.
Jacobo II. M. Brit. Regis. Filio
Carolo Eduardo
et Henrico Decano Patr. Card.
Jacobi III. Filiis
Regiæ Stirpis Stuardiæ postremis.

Immediately after his death, the Countess applied to the British Government for a pension, and on the 22nd of October, Lord Hawkesbury—afterwards Lord Liverpool—who attended Burns's funeral in Dumfries—granted her 1,600*l.* a year. In the summer of 1809, Napoleon paid her the compliment to order her to Paris, and told her in an audience that he thought it better she should stay there, as Paris was an admirable residence for a lover of art and as he knew that her influence seriously interfered with his plans for a fusion of feeling between the Tuscans and the French. She was detained in Paris fifteen months, and treated with distinguished courtesy by the Emperor, who divorced her old friend, the Empress Josephine, in the winter of 1809. She was permitted to return to Florence in 1810.

It was in 1812 that she became acquainted with Ugo Foscolo, when she was sixty and he was thirty-four. The young and passionate revolutionary poet followed the friend of Alfieri with a touching devotion, but her relations with him were of course almost maternal. Alfieri was his model, and his worship naturally overflowed to the companion and inspirer of Alfieri's best years. He left Florence for Switzerland in 1815, and Switzerland for London in September, 1816. The correspondence between the widow of

Charles Edward and the eager but violent exile gradually cooled away.

The last ten years of the life of Charles Edward's widow were spent in Florence.

She died just four years after George III., and her friends wrote her name over her grave :—

Hic sita est
Aloisia e principibus Stolbergiis
Albaniae Comitissa
Generis forma moribus
Incomparabili animi candore
Praeclarissima.

They were the very words with which Alfieri had begun the epitaph he had written for her more than twenty years before, but her friends thought it prudent to omit his name. The epitaphs as he wrote them for himself and her remain on two marble slabs in the Museum at Montpellier, but neither was used. Alfieri's monument by Canova was erected by the Countess of Albany in 1810, in the church of Santa Croce—with the inscription—

Victorio Alfieri Astensi
Aloisia e principibus Stolbergijs.
Albaniae Comitissa
M.P.C. An. MDCCXC.

His friend is buried in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the same Church of the Santa Croce in Florence.

It was probably the news of the death of Prince Charlie that was the 'motif' of Burns's 'Scots Ballad'—which however was not entered in the Common-place Book till after January 1789. The Jacobite sympathies of the House of Gordon—the Duke's great-grandfather having held the Castle of Edinburgh for King James II. at the first revolution, and his grandfather having been out for King James III. at the battle of Sheriff-muir—may have suggested that the one song would appropriately follow the other. Burns himself had written a birthday ode for Dec. 31st, 1787, for a Jacobite Club in Edinburgh. At the time he was laid up in Edinburgh with a sprained knee and bargaining for a nod from his

Clarinda. The club met to celebrate the birthday of the Pretender. Currie gives a few stanzas, "False flatterer Hope, away," i. p. 188—of which he says :—

"In the first part of this ode there is some beautiful imagery which the poet afterwards interwove in a happier manner in the Chevalier's Lament. But if there were no other reasons for omitting to print the entire poem, the want of originality would be sufficient. A considerable part of it is a kind of rant, for which indeed precedent may be cited in various other odes, but with which it is impossible to go along."

He remarks however that—

"Though deficient in the complicated rhythm and polished versification that such compositions require, it might, on a fair competition, where energy of feelings and of expression were alone in question, have won the butt of Malmsey from the real laureate of that day."

Who was Thomas Warton? The ode has been published in full from the Glenriddell MSS., and Currie's remarks are extremely inapplicable.

Burns sent the next song, in the Common-place Book, which is also a Jacobite one—or perhaps a first draft of it—to Mr. Robert Cleghorn, from Mauchline, on 31st March, 1788 :—

"Yesterday, my dear sir," he says, "as I was riding through a track of melancholy, joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and your favourite air, 'Captain O'Kean,' coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. You will see that the first part of the tune must be repeated.—I am tolerably pleased with these verses, but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music."

Cleghorn replies :—

"SAUGHTON MILLS, 27th April, 1788.

"My Dear Brother Farmer,

"I was favoured with your very kind letter of the 31st ult., and conceive myself greatly obliged to you for your attention in sending me the song to my favourite air, Captain O'Kean. The words delight me much—they fit the tune to a hair : I wish you would send me a verse or two more : and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the Jacobite style. Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden by the unfortunate Charles. Tenducci personates the lovely Mary Stewart in the song Queen Mary's Lamentation. Why may not I sing in the person of her great-great-great-grandson?"

Dr. Currie adds a note :—

"Our poet took this advice. The whole of this beautiful song, as it was afterwards finished, is below."

In Burns's letter to Thomson, 7th April, 1793, he says :—

"If I could hit on another stanza equal to 'The small birds rejoice,' &c., I do myself honestly avow that I think it a superior song."

Mr. Scott Douglas says :—

"At some period subsequent to 7th April, 1793, the poet added the second verse and forwarded it to Thomson, but there is no reference to this fact in the correspondence."

The first verse—or the first draft of it—was really written on March 30th, 1788. Burns copied it in the Common-place Book, with the second verse, somewhere between January, 1789, and August, 1790.

Song—Tune, Captain O'Kean.¹

1.²

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,

The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;

The primroses³ blow in the dews of the morning,

And wild-scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,

When² the lingering moments are numbered by Care?

No³ birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,

Can sooth³ the sad bosom of joyless Despair.—

2.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,

A KING and a FATHER to place on his throne;

His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,

¹ The usual title, 'The Chevalier's Lament,' is absent in the Common-place Book.

² Burns has written the song in two verses, the first four lines of each indented as I have printed them. Currie makes four stanzas of four lines each.

³ Currie gives 'hawthorn trees' for 'primroses,' 'while' for 'when,' 'no flowers gayly springing, nor birds sweetly singing,' instead of the line in the Common-place Book, and 'soothe' for 'sooth.'

Where⁴ the wild beasts find shelter but I can find none:

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,

My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;

Your faith⁴ proved so loyal in hot, bloody trial,

Alas, can I make it⁴ no sweeter return!

The song was first published by Thomson, vol. ii., July, 1799. In the edition of Thomson before me, vol. ii., p. 97, printed from the plates in 1801, it is given thus :—

"The small birds rejoice, &c.
From a MS. by Robert Burns.

"These admirable stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young Prince Charles Edward when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland."

The version differs little from that of Currie. The variations of Thomson from the version of the Common-place Book are 'on' for 'in' in the first line, 'wi' for 'by' in the sixth, 'Nor' for 'no,' 'sootho' for 'sooth' in the eighth, 'tho' for 'but' in the twelfth, and 'better' for 'sweeter' in the sixteenth. He certainly comes far closer to the Common-place Book version than Currie, the variations being such as might be made by a rather careless transcriber hearing a MS. read aloud. There is nothing so extraordinary as Currie's 'hawthorn trees' for 'primroses' in the third line, or his 'deeds' for 'faith' in the fifteenth. The poem is printed in two stanzas. Thomas Campbell wrote "The Wounded Hussar" to the same tune, and Thomson publishes his verses beneath those of Burns.

In Robert Chambers's edition, 1856, vol. ii., the letter to Cleghorn is given with the first stanza alone inserted—apparently filled in from Currie.

WILLIAM JACK.

⁴ Currie gives 'the.' Burns marked it out. He gives 'deeds' for 'faith,' and 'you' for 'it.'

To be continued.

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN SICILY.

IV.—INNER SYRACUSE.

THE last stage of our present Sicilian journey leads us, as our furthest halting-place, to the most renowned of Sicilian cities. We may muse as we will on any other spot of Sicilian ground, we may call up before our minds the historic associations of any other Sicilian city; but we must acknowledge that all of them pale before the long array of mighty deeds and immortal names whose memory dwells on the historic soil, and around the venerable monuments, of the greatest of Hellenic colonies. Syracuse, the great city, the city of many cities—so called by Pindar in that happy and untranslatable epithet which in his day had not yet gained half its meaning¹—has now sunk far below Palermo, Messina, and Catania; in modern importance Taormina is the only one of our halting-places which yields to it in present extent. For eight hundred years Syracuse has been of small account in Europe, of only secondary account in Sicily. Its greatness passed away with the coming of

the Saracen, which ruled that Palermo should be the head of Sicily, with Messina as its only possible rival. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, Syracuse has no buildings, she has but one memory, to set against the long roll of the buildings and the memories of Palermo during the same ages. She has the one remembrance of her Byzantine deliverer to set against the many remembrances of the kings who ruled over Syracuse but who reigned at Palermo. Nor have we at Syracuse that strange interest which attaches to the dwelling-places of earlier races, even when no signs can be found of their presence. As Syracuse is only in a secondary sense the city of the Saracen or the Norman, so it is in no sense at all the city of the Sikel or of the Phœnician. The Sikel was driven out from her soil that Syracuse might come into being; the Phœnician was driven back from her walls and havens that Syracuse might keep the same life which she had from the beginning. The characteristic feature of Syracuse is to be the greatest of Hellenic cities in those lands which, from the point of view of old Greece, we must call the West. She, alone among the Greek cities west of the Adriatic, kept up, from the beginning of Greek colonization to the decay of old Greek independence, a position in the Hellenic world at least equal to the greatest cities of old Greece. Other colonial Greek cities, eastern and western, were earlier in the race; but none kept so great a position for so long a time. The greatness of Sybaris and Milêtos was older than the greatness of Syracuse; but the greatness of Milêtos, the existence of Sybaris, came to an end in the age in which the greatness

¹ The second Pythian ode begins *μεγαλόπολις ἢ Συράκοσαι*. I used to be told in my youth that this referred to the several separate towns making up the Syracusan whole, and that *μεγαλόπολις Ἀθῶναι* at the beginning of the seventh Pythian referred to the union of the several Attic towns in the one Athenian commonwealth. But the Attic towns were not physically joined together like the component parts of Syracuse, and these last were not already existing towns, but enlargements of the Syracusan city. One has therefore an uncomfortable feeling that it may simply mean "Syracuse that great city," put in the plural merely because the name of the city, like that of Athens, happens to be plural. But, if we might take it the other way, the epithet has a wonderful force as applied to the city of Dionysios and the second Hierôn, and it had begun to have some force even when Pindar was singing the praises of the first.

of Syracuse began. There can hardly be a doubt that the later Syracuse, the Syracuse of Dionysios and Timoleón and later the Hierón—in Syracusan history the tyrant, the deliverer, and the paternal king, have to be thus strangely bracketed—was in extent the greatest of contemporary Greek cities, the greatest of contemporary European cities. Whether its actual area in acres was or was not greater than that of Rome or Athens, it must certainly have been a longer journey from one end of the city to the other. And the historical position of Syracuse was fully equal to its physical extent. The recorded history of Syracuse must be quite equal in bulk to the recorded history of Athens. The political revolutions of Syracuse affected the world in general quite as much as the political revolutions of Athens did. Each city fulfilled a kindred mission at the two ends of the Grecian world. If Athens was the champion of Hellas against Persia, Syracuse was no less the champion of Hellas against Carthage. The greatest victories of each over their several barbarian enemies were won at the same time; men loved to say, truly or falsely, that they were won on the same day. Other Greek colonies were the seats of mighty commonwealths and mighty tyrannies, but no other colony was the seat of commonwealth or tyranny so mighty that its chief could, with some show of reason, claim to place his force on a level with the forces of Athens and Sparta put together. Akragas counted among the great cities of Hellas; but Thêrôn would never have dared to boast like Gelôn that, if his troops found no place in the general muster of Hellas, a spring would be taken out of the Hellenic year.¹ Athens is greater than Syracuse, not so much on account of any higher political or military position in the days of their common might—for the Athenian dominion over the Ægean was after all a very short-lived thing—as in all

those characters, political, intellectual, and artistic, which made Athens, not so much the greatest of Greek cities as the model Greek city, the most abiding of Greek cities. Athens was the foremost of Greek cities in a way which had little to do with her position as a politically ruling city. She gave the world the picture of a lawful and well-ordered democracy, while Syracuse was tossed to and fro between mobs, tyrants, and foreign deliverers. She had in her an intellectual life which kept her on as a free Greek city, the teacher of Greece and of the world, for ages after Syracuse had sunk to the rank of a provincial city of the Roman dominion. Syracuse was plundered by Verres the Pretor and by Constans the Emperor; but she never, as a free ally of Rome, chose Hadrian as her archon or Constantine as her general. Before the moral and intellectual greatness of Athens Syracuse seems as nothing. Athens has a place in the inner history of man which no other spot on earth can rival. But this should not lead us to forget that, in all those outward features and events which make up the sum of ordinary outward history, Syracuse was for some ages the peer of Athens. We are indeed tempted to look on Syracusan history as in some sort an appendage to Athenian history, because the page of Syracusan history which is likely to come first into our thoughts is the tale of the struggle between Athens and Syracuse as told by the historian of Athens. Of all the days in the long history of Syracuse, the days which first rush upon our minds are the day when the fleets of Athens and Syracuse met for the last time in the great harbour, the day when the remnant of the vanquished host of Athens set forth on its last weary and hopeless march.

It is well then to bear in mind—and on the spot we are not likely to forget—what the positive greatness of Syracuse really was. He who makes his way from the castle of Maniakès

¹ Herodotus, vii. 162.

to the fort on Epipolai is not likely to undervalue the physical greatness of Syracuse. But it is also well to bear in mind that the greatness of Syracuse was, after all, only a colonial greatness, a greatness inferior in kind and less lasting in duration than the greatness of the cities of old Greece. We need not go about to prove that Athens was older than Syracuse, and we have seen that she lived on with one side at least of her old life long after the true history of Syracuse was ended. But it is not merely a matter of duration. No truer thing was ever said in earlier or in later times than when Alkibiadēs, or Thucydides in his name, contrasted the comparatively stable state of things in old Greece with the endless changes in Sicily, and above all in Syracuse. The Athenians were not to be afraid of the great apparent power of the Sicilian cities. They were great and full of inhabitants; but they were inhabitants brought together from various quarters. Coming with one revolution and going away with another, they had not the same ties to the soil, to its laws or to its memories, which bound the inhabitants of the cities of old Greece to the abodes of their forefathers. No contrast could be more true. The population of Syracuse, of Messana, of Katanē, shifted more times than one can count in a few generations, while the people of Athens remained essentially the same people from the days of legend to the sack of Sulla, while the people of Sparta remained essentially the same people from the Dorian conquest to the tyranny of Nabis. Revolutions and changes of population were assuredly not unknown in old Greece; but in the days of her free commonwealths, they never affected the greatest cities; they never turned the whole land upside down in the way in which they constantly did in Sicily. We are tempted

to undervalue the greatness of Syracuse, because no city had so often to ask for foreign help. Of the two brightest names in Syracusan history one is the native deliverer who comes to save her by the help of foreign swords; the other is the foreign deliverer who leads a crusade to her help from beyond the sea. Foreign indeed we should hardly say; the relations between Syracuse and her metropolis set before us the bright side of the Greek colonial system. They show us how a colony, independent from its birth, needing no War of Independence to sever any tie of sovereignty, could be bound for ages to the mother city by the nobler ties of filial reverence and hereditary friendship. They show us too how, among all the changes of the Syracusan population, new citizens and old alike clung to this hereditary sentiment. In no age of independent Syracusan history could a man of Corinth be called a foreigner in Syracuse. And when, first Diôn, then Timoleôn, came, the deliverance which Syracuse needed was not a deliverance from alien enemies but from domestic tyrants. As a power in the world, the free commonwealth of Syracuse was never so mighty as her tyrants were. As rulers of their own city, no names call up more well-earned loathing than the names of Dionysios and Agathoklēs. And it may be that it is chiefly the glamour of Pindar's verse which keeps us from placing earlier tyrants alongside of them. But all of them, Gelôn and the first Hierôn, Dionysios and Agathoklēs, had one mission in which they did not fail. Even though some of them handed over spots of Greek soil to barbarian inhabitants, they were in the main the champions of Hellas against the barbarian, the champions of Europe against Africa, the champions of the Aryan against the Semitic man. It may be a fable, but it is at least a speaking fable, which tells us that Gelôn made it a condition of peace with Carthage that the gods of Canaan should no longer be worshipped with

¹ Thucydides, vi. 17. Some of the phrases used are most emphatic—*ὅχλοις ξυμμίκοις πολυανδροῦσιν αἱ πόλεις, καὶ ῥᾶδις ἔχουσι τῶν πολιτικῶν τὰς μεταβολὰς καὶ τὰς ἐπιδοχάς.*

the fiery rites of Canaan.¹ Agathoklès handed on to Regulus and Scipio the lesson of policy that the masters of Africa could be best vanquished on African soil. Agathoklès and Roger, each in his own age the first to bear the kingly title on Sicilian ground,² were also, each in his own age, the first lords of Sicily and of Europe who could boast—Agathoklès, to be sure, only for a moment—that

“Siculus mihi servit et Afer.”

At Syracuse then it is the Greek memories and the Greek remains which gather round them the main, almost the whole interest. Syracuse is as emphatically the city of Hellenic tyrants and Hellenic deliverers as Palermo is the city of Saracen Emirs and Norman Kings. It is not indeed, either in its memories or in its remains, so purely Hellenic as Akragas. We must allow that, simply as a display of Hellenic art, Syracuse has nothing to set against the unequalled range of the Akragantine temples. Akragas again is so purely Greek in its history—its place in its later forms of Agrigentum and Girgenti is so very secondary—its later monuments, though anywhere else we should call them important and interesting, are so utterly overshadowed by the wonderful works of the older day,—that there our musings on the city of Thêrôn and Gellias, the mightiest and saddest victim of Phœnician havoc, are all but undisturbed by other thoughts. Syracuse, on the other hand, though its Hellenic history is primary, has a long later history which cannot be

wholly put out of sight. Nor can we put the monuments of later times so easily out of sight at Syracuse as we can at Girgenti. That part of Syracuse which is at once the oldest and the newest, the island, Ortygia, the site of the original colony, the narrow limit within which the city has again shrunk up, is singularly rich in mediæval domestic buildings. Girgenti too, where also the modern city has shrunk up within its oldest limits, has also its mediæval sights, ecclesiastical and domestic; but it would hardly claim a place among purely mediæval cities on a level with mediæval Syracuse. And at Syracuse, though the Hellenic memories overshadow all others, yet the monuments of Hellenic and later times are worked together in a way which tells us of the unbroken life of the city abiding on through both in a more forcible way than anything at Girgenti.

In dealing with a city like Syracuse, whose history is so long, in many parts so familiar, and whose history and topography has been illustrated over and over again by a series of eminent scholars, it is needless to attempt anything which may come ever so near to a continuous history as has been given in our earlier Sicilian sketches. We may assume a more wide-spread knowledge of the great names and great events of Syracusan history than we can safely assume in the case of other Sicilian cities. In a paper then, or even in two papers, like these, it will be better, without following any very strict chronological order, to put on record some of the impressions suggested by some of the most striking and historic points in Syracusan topography. The position of the city marks at once that, when Archias led thither his Corinthian colonists, a considerable advance had been made since the days when the most ancient cities came into being. Syracuse is no hill-fort, no collection of hill-forts, like Athens and Rome, like Le Mans and Lincoln. When Naxos was founded in one year and Syracuse in

¹ One can hardly help feeling that Mr. Grote (v. 299) is right in rejecting this story, which comes only from later writers, Theophrastus being the first.

² We have seen in what sense the kingly title was applied to earlier tyrants. They were pleased with it, if everybody would give it them. But Agathoklès seems, exactly like Roger, to have taken it in a formal way (see Diodôros, xx. 54), and to have worn the kingly diadem. This was of course done to put himself on a level with the Macedonian captains who had done the same thing in the East.

the next, men had altogether got rid of their fear of the sea and of the dangers which it brought; Naxos was planted on a peninsula; Syracuse was planted on an island. Syracuse did indeed become a hill city in after days; but she became so simply by climbing up the neighbouring hill, very much as Bath and Bristol have done amongst ourselves. Syracuse has, strictly speaking, no akropolis; her oldest and strongest quarter occupied some of the lowest ground within her walls. But it is curious to see how the familiar notion of the hill city and the akropolis influenced men's thoughts and language, even when the names that they suggested were utterly out of place. Much of our knowledge of Syracusan history comes from Plutarch; but we may guess that Plutarch had never seen Syracuse with his own eyes. If he had, he would hardly have spoken, as he constantly does, of the height or akropolis (*ἀκρᾶ*), meaning the part which answered to the akropolis of most other cities. This was the oldest quarter, the specially fortified quarter, the stronghold, the dwelling-place of her tyrants and her kings, whenever Syracuse, in the course of her revolutions, had tyrants or kings. But it was no akropolis. The oldest and strongest quarter of Syracuse was Ortygia, the island of the fount of Arethousa, at once the oldest and the newest Syracuse. We have seen the island far away from an early stage of our journey along the eastern coast. We see Ortygia; we know it to be the site of inhabited Syracuse, balancing the site of vanished Naxos, long before it comes into our minds that the long hill on the mainland that rises to our right was once Syracuse too. The railway carries us under the walls of Dionysios, without our fully taking in that we have already reached the Syracuse of Dionysios, if not the Syracuse of Archias. But the Syracuse of Archias tells its own story. The isle of Arethousa is joined to the mainland; but it is joined by a range of fortifications, bridge after bridge, gate

after gate, reared on the site, perhaps of the foundations, of the Dionysian citadel, fencing in the city as though Dionysios himself were still there needing to be guarded alike against discontented citizens and Carthaginian invaders. But no portcullis bars the way; no guards stop our progress; the entrance into modern Syracuse has something in it which is stately and solemn, but it presents nothing of difficulty or hardship. We find ourselves within the island, now rather the peninsula, covered by the city whose narrow streets supply us at every turn with specimens of the later domestic art of Sicily, but which would seem at first sight to contain nothing to be set at all on a level with the buildings of many other cities of far lesser fame than Syracuse. Nowhere shall we find a church, we shall hardly find above one palace, to remind us of the glories of Palermo. We might pass through some lines of streets from one end of the city to the other, without our eye being caught by any building remarkable for size, richness, or outline. If we wish to take in the whole of Syracuse from a point within the oldest Syracuse, it may be well to hurry at once to the furthest point of the island.

At that furthest point then, not to the east as we are at first inclined to fancy, but to the south, facing Plemmyrion on the other side of the mouth of the Great Harbour, stands the fortress of Syracuse, but not the fortress of Dionysios. On our way thither we are met by a modern phenomenon to which it might not be easy to find a parallel elsewhere. We soon weary in the cities of Italy and Sicily of the *Via* or *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*, above all when the new name supplants a former one of old and historic meaning. We may even weary of *Via Garibaldi* when there is no real immediate connexion with any exploit of the hero. But at Syracuse we meet with something in this way for which we shall hardly be prepared. It is not often that modern street

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nomenclature gives us a name taken from the annals of the Eastern Empire. But Syracuse, which thus commemorates a string of local worthies starting from Diôn, has not forgotten to place on the list her momentary deliverer from the Saracen, *Georgios Maniakês*. A street leading down from the central place of the city bears the name of *Via Maniaci*. The name, like the names of Diôn and Timoleôn, is doubtless modern and artificial, but it is well that a modern and artificial system of nomenclature should do justice all round, and should remember that brave men lived after Timoleôn and before Garibaldi. We will not compare the deliverance wrought by Maniakês to the deliverance wrought by either the earlier or the later worthy; but to exchange the rule of the Saracen Emir for that of the Christian Emperor was as near an approach to deliverance as was to be had in the first half of the eleventh century and it at least better deserves the name than the deliverance of Rome by Belisarius from the Goths. The Byzantine re-conquest of at least all the eastern part of Sicily is an event at which we have already glanced when speaking of Messina. To those who are led astray by the vulgar notions about abiding Byzantine weakness and folly, such an exploit must seem wholly unintelligible. Even with a better knowledge of the world's history, it has somewhat of the air of a strange and romantic episode. But, if we look carefully before and behind, we shall see that it fits in exceedingly well with much that went before it and much that came after it. As was hinted in a former paper, it is well to remember, notwithstanding the length and the important effects of the Saracen dominion in Sicily, how very short the time was of unbroken Saracen dominion over the whole island. It is only during two periods, from 965 to 1038, and again from 1042 to 1061, that the whole of the soil of Sicily was under Mussulman dominion. The Emperors of the Macedonian dynasty never gave up

their claim to Sicily; they never forgot Sicily; they made more than one attempt to recover Sicily. At last the day of re-conquest came; the only wonderful thing is the time when it was done. What was not done by Nikêphoros, by John Tzimiskês, or by Basil the Second, was done under what, as far as internal government was concerned, was the wretched time of Zôê, her husbands and her eunuchs. But there is nothing really wonderful in this. A watch, when it is well wound up, will go on of itself, and a great general trains up a school of officers who can do great works when he is gone. Maniakês was a soldier trained in the school of the Bulgarian-slayer; the difference between him and his master was simply the difference of their several positions. Basil, Emperor as well as general, had no one left at home to thwart him: but it was open to every minion of Zôê's court to thwart Maniakês, who was general only and not Emperor. That his victory was largely won by the help of foreign mercenaries, that there is reason to believe that Harold Hardrada led the axemen of the North to the deliverance of Messina and Syracuse, we have already mentioned when speaking of the former city. But the presence of the Normans in his host is of higher historic importance than the presence of the Northmen. The remembrance that they had helped to win Sicilian cities in the Imperial service could hardly have passed away when, twenty years later, they began to win Sicilian cities for themselves. The earlier warfare surely went far to suggest the thought of the later; Maniakês was in truth only opening the path for Roger. Syracuse and all eastern Sicily now passed again for a moment under Christian rule. And, if it was but for a moment, if within four years the Saracen again reigned in Syracuse and Messina, that was no fault of the deliverer, but of those who recalled him and drove him into rebellion. But even this short occupation has been enough to stamp

the name of Maniakès for ever on the soil of Ortygia. The castle which crowns the extreme point of the island, a peninsula within the island, is still the Castle of Maniakès, and boasts itself to be the work of the Byzantine hero. He has however left no signs of his presence in the existing architecture of the castle. The chief part of the building, setting aside more modern works, savours of the thirteenth century, not the eleventh, and seems to bespeak the presence of the Wonder of the World. The chief feature is a vaulted, but now ruined hall, the capitals of whose vaulting-shafts, large and boldly floriated, far more Northern than Italian, are very like those in Frederick's castle at Catania. A goodly fire-place too, with all mediæval appurtenances, seems to tell of one who was King of Germany as well as of Sicily, and who had found out that it might sometimes be well, even in Syracuse, to fall back on the winter comforts of Gelnhausen. But the most striking feature of this hall is its entrance. A tall pointed doorway, with a tympanum which has vanished, shows, like so many others in Sicily, not the vulgar Italian Gothic, but the true Northern style, with its mouldings modified by unwonted materials and by ideas lingering on from other days. A Northern architect would not have endured straight joints; but then a Northern architect would have had no blocks of marble to tempt him to give the sides of his doorway the form of a straight joint. But we ask, why does the outer order of the doorway stand out so far in advance of the others, with so deep and dark a hollow behind it? We look and see that that deep and dark hollow is no other than the groove of a portcullis. In a gloomy, frowning, castle-gate, plain and unmoulded, with a round tower on each side and a drawbridge below, this is only what we should look for. In an elaborately moulded doorway, opening at once into an elegantly vaulted hall, we should not have looked for it. The outline

of this part of the castle with its round towers at the corners, is very like the outline of Frederick's Catanian castle; but that stands by itself, while here we have already passed the purely defensive gateways. We think of the "domus defensabiles" of Domesday, of the "aula lapidea," which played the part of an "arx" in the island fortress of Brionne.¹ Whatever the cause, there is this beautiful doorway with its portcullis-groove, and on either side are the corbels where once stood the famous bronze rams which Maniakès set up, on each side doubtless of some earlier doorway. They are said to have bleated with the wind. Unluckily we cannot now test their powers. One only is left, and that—patched up as usual—is still to be seen, not in Syracuse, but in the Museum at Palermo.

We climb to the roof of the castle. No point gives a better idea of the relation of the primitive Syracuse, the island city, to the land and the water around it. Nowhere do we better take in the vast expanse of the Great Harbour; we see at once before us all the main points of the two great sieges; the famous siege at Athenian hands, and that other, but a few years later, when the plague, at least as much as the arm of Dionysios, saved Syracuse from the fate of Akragas.² We here see how much turns on the telling of a tale. The Athenian siege is told by Thucydides, and is therefore immortal; the Carthaginian siege is told only by Diodôros, and its memory speaks only to special students of Sicilian history. Yet, in the general history of the world, the deliverance wrought by Gylippos and the moon is of less account than the deliverance wrought by Dionysios and the plague. The Athenian siege was, after all, only a struggle of Greek against Greek; its decision either way would not have affected the area of Europe or of Hellas. Deliverance from Lamachos and Dêmostenês—there is

¹ See Norman Conquest, ii. 268, 625.

² Diodôros, xiv. 71.

something grotesque in the formula of deliverance from Nikias—was a gain for the Syracusans of that day; it was perhaps a loss in the general course of the world's history. For the siege by Himilkôn was part of the great struggle of the world, that struggle of which Sicily has seen so many stages. And it may be that, if the might of Syracuse had been added to the might of Athens, instead of a Phœnician fleet lying before Syracuse, a Hellenic fleet might have lain before Panormos, perhaps before Carthage itself. On the scenes of all these events we look down from the castle of Maniakês, and the memory of the two deliverances of the Greek city from Semitic rule, fourteen hundred years apart in date, blend well together in our thoughts. We look over the harbour, the scene of the death-struggle of the Athenian fleet; there was pitched the camp of Nikias and the camp of Himilkôn; there, so far away that it is hard to believe that it could even have been girded in by the same walls as the spot where we now stand, rises the height of Epipolai, the scene of that night encounter which taught the stout heart of Dêmôsthenês that Syracuse was not to be taken. We look out over the great and wide sea, the sea which washes Italy, that Italy which on bright days the eye may rest on, the sea too which washes Greece, which dwells as a dream-land far away. And over land and sea, beyond the height of Epipolai and the bluff of Hybla, Ætna itself rises as the crown and lord of the whole Sicilian realm. But as we look on the city itself, we are tempted to mourn that the days of commonwealths and tyrants have passed away. Nowhere does the utter shapelessness of modern Sicilian architecture stand out more nakedly. A mass of buildings without form or proportion covers the site of ancient Syracuse. The horizontal outline of the Greek is gone, and nothing has come in its stead. Conceive a German city on such a site, with its turrets, its gables, its towers

and spires, making us no longer repine that the porticos of Athênê and Artemis have vanished. Conceive a North-Italian city, sending up its crowd of bell-towers. Conceive even Saracen Syracuse, with its cupolas and minarets, as they must have shone when Maniakês sailed into the Great Harbour. But all that past times had, or could have had, of form, outline, or proportion, is utterly gone. The attractive side of the later Syracuse is hidden in a general view: it reveals itself only when we have learned to thread the narrow streets of the mediæval city in search of its mediæval treasures.

The porticos, we have just now said, of Athênê and Artemis have vanished. In a general view of the city they have vanished utterly. The temples of Syracuse do not stand forth before all eyes, like the temples of Akragas and the temples of Athens. But they are there none the less. Three venerable monuments of the ancient time, of the days of the commonwealth or of the tyrants, are still to be found, two within and one without, the oldest bounds of the oldest Syracuse. One indeed has to be looked for. Of the temple of Artemis—rather, it is said, of Æpollôn; but the brother may perhaps not shut out the sister—large portions still stand; but we come upon them suddenly in a narrow street, and half the height of the columns is below the present level of the ground. But from above we can mark the massiveness of the columns ranged thickly together, the bold echinus, the heavy architrave, all the signs of the true primitive Doric. We go down to the lower area, and mark the plan, in Sicily at least unusual, which is technically called *hexastylos peripteros pyknostylos*. That is to say, in plainer words, the columns are more in number and closer together than usual. The *cella*, itself forming a front in *antis* with columns of its own, had a whole pillared forest in front of it. Here we would gladly see the building as it stood in the days of its perfec-

tion: there is another Syracusan temple where any such wish must be sternly chased away. On our way to the castle we found ourselves, perhaps by a little topographical confusion, in the *Via Maniaci*. Let us retrace our steps more orderly by the way of that street from the castle to the heart of the city. But, before we come to the name of the Byzantine deliverer written up by modern Sicilian hands, we pass by a spot suggesting memories which in their own way are as famous as the memories of any deliverer or tyrant of them all. We pass by the fountain of Arethousa; and, before we reach it on our way from the castle, we pass by an ancient building—that is, it would be ancient out of Sicily—which is connected with the fountain of Arethousa by a somewhat strange tie. There is still the spring of the water-nymph, whose name at once calls up the harmony of the most musical verses that were ever sung of her, and makes us wonder at their geography. We all know how

“Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acrocaranion mountains.”¹

Yet it is hard to understand why Arethousa had chosen a couch so far away from her usual haunts, or what process even of mythical geography could carry her and her Peloponnesian follower so far north as the High Thunder Peaks of Epeiros. But if Arethousa escaped from Alpheios, she has not escaped the mightier powers of the Ionian sea; the salt water has made its way in, and has rifled the sweetness of the virgin spring. But the paper-plant, growth alike of Egypt

¹ I do not set up for a Shelley critic; but I suppose that the wonderful beauty of these verses comes largely from the way in which thing and person are wrought into one. It is the same in that strangely sublime passage of Hesiod, or whatever may be the right name, describing the loves (or hates) of Heaven and Earth.

ἤλθε δὲ νόκτ' ἐπάγων μέγας Οὐρανὸς ἀμφὶ δὲ
Γαίῃ
ἱεῖραν φιλότῃτος ἐπέσχετο, καὶ β' ἐναντίῳ
πάντῃ.—Theog. 171.

and of Sicily, still grows at Syracuse, as it once grew at Palermo; its leaves still fall over the fountain, and in these last times, Arethousa has been rescued from the lowest blow which had fallen upon her. Could the pastoral muse of Theokritos find anything to say about the present race of the Naiads of Syracuse? As the calling of a Greek shepherd or shepherdess, with whom the crook, the pipe, and the distaff are not figures of speech, is certainly more picturesque than that of their English fellows—as a flock of Sicilian goats is more picturesque than a flock of English sheep—so even the calling of the female invaders of the fountain of Arethousa puts on a more picturesque shape in southern lands than it bears in our own. The Welsh tongue, on both sides of the Alps, gives its votaries names of reasonable softness; even the High-Dutch is a degree more respectful than our own; the speech of the Angles and Saxons can give to the late occupants of Arethousa's spring no loftier title than that of washerwomen. But Arethousa has got rid of them; they have left the open air and the open fountain, and they now carry on their art and mystery under the vault of a neighbouring Roman building, seemingly a Roman bath. Let no critic rise up to quarrel with the phrase “art and mystery,” and to say that “mystery” is no mystery at all, but is a mere corruption of “ministerium” which is “métier.” In this case, as there is something of picturesque effect, so there is also something of mystery, as the cleansing work is carried on in the half-shade of the ancient vault. And, as is the case of other mysteries, the uninitiated must not press too near. Manners indeed are softened: in these days Aktaïon is no longer condemned to pay with his person, but he is expected to pay with his purse.

We may seem to have turned away from the Syracusan temples; but we are still on our way to the chiefest among them. We pass by Arethousa; and we may turn downwards and make a

nearer acquaintance with the Great Harbour; or we may go up the street of Maniakés till we find ourselves at the central point of the present city. There stand, side by side, the metropolitan church and the archiepiscopal palace, showing nothing very striking or attractive as we look at them from the main place. But there on the proper days we may behold, and not only behold but hear, the modern devotions of the Syracusan people, when, at the appointed hour, they gather to shout as lustily for Santa Lucia¹ as ever their forefathers shouted for Athênê or Artemis. But turn round the corner to what is or ought to be the northern side. There we may learn a lesson indeed in the unity of history; we may grasp the fact of the long abiding life of the Syracusan city through so many ages. We know that we speak as barbarians in the ears of classical purists; but then it is only as barbarians that classical purists speak in our ears. There are those who think it a feat to wipe out the history of Olympia, the unbroken succession of monuments, older Greek, later Greek, heathen Roman, and Christian Roman—monuments filling up the whole length of the history of Olympia from her Hellenic birth to her Slavonic overthrow—if only the ruthless havoc should chance to be rewarded by knowing exactly what sculptures filled the pediment of a single temple of a single period. Those who could destroy, those who could threaten to destroy,²

¹ The fact that the purely Latin name of this saint is always sounded with the Greek accent gives me an opportunity of correcting a careless remark which I made in my article on Catania. I said that the present name of this last city kept the accent of *Karavén*, while *Siracúsa* had forsaken the accent of *Συράκουσαι*. I know not how I came to forget that the modern form naturally comes from the accusative, not from the nominative, and that *Siracúsa* keeps the accent of *Συράκουσας*.

² I have not been able to find out whether this barbarous destruction has been actually carried out. The Olympic basilica, one of the most precious monuments of early Christian times, was untouched when I was at Olympia in 1877. But its destruction had

the basilica of Olympia, would, we may suppose, be ready to pull down Saint Sophia itself, if they had a chance of finding among the ruins a letter or two of an inscription of the days of Megarian Byzantium. In such minds the sight of the metropolitan church of Syracuse, once the temple of Athênê, might perhaps call up the full fierceness of destroying rage. There stand the ancient columns, columns of the true Doric type, even if a trifle less closely set together than the columns of the temple of Artemis. The entablature still remains above them; but the cornice is gone, and the *gutta* and triglyphs have been taught to bear a battlement, kindred with, though not the same as, that which bears the name of the lords of Verona. The columns are built up by a wall; sometimes they barely peep through the wall; between two of them a doorway and window of the latest Roman work have been cut through. We enter; the walls of the *cella* have been pierced with arches. By thus building up the colonnade and piercing the solid wall, Christian Syracuse has made herself the nave and aisles of a great minster out of the temple which was reared by the old Syracusan aristocracy in the days before the tyrants, the temple which Marcellus spared and which Verres plundered. The change is no change of yesterday. The transfer of the holy place of Athênê to be the holy place of Our Lady is at least as old as the days of the Heraclian Emperors, perhaps as old as the days of Belisarius. Here too it was that, two hundred years or more after its new dedication, in the day of the Saracen capture of the city, the bishop and his clergy were seized by the conquerors as they strove to hide themselves among their seats behind the

been threatened, and that by no less a person than Ernst Curtius, in very plain language in the *International Review* for January 1877. Its removal would simply destroy one of the most speaking series of buildings, fragmentary as they are, to be found in the whole world. A description was given in the *Saturday Review*, October 20, 1877.

high altar.¹ It is a wonderful sight to look on the vast columns of the heathen temple, still standing in all their strength, though half imbedded in the walls of the Christian church. It is a wonderful thought, if Christian worship has gone on in unbroken order on that spot for twelve hundred years after an almost equal time of heathen life. It is almost more wonderful still if, as is far more likely, the church became a mosque at the coming of Abou-Isa—what mockery in the name—if it became again a church at the coming of Maniakēs, again a mosque when the Saracen came back again, again a church when Roger came to do for ever what Maniakēs had done only for a moment. But doubtless there are those who would wipe out all such memories as these, if they could only see the columns of Athēnē stand forth clear from the walls which now hide some of their flutings. We would say, "Spare us our one ewe lamb"; art and heathendom have seized upon much, and have left but little for history and Christendom. In the church of Our Lady of Athens but one small trace of painting tells us of the days when it was the church of Our Lady of Athens—*der schöne Mariendom*, as the last historian of later Greece loves to call it.² From the church of Saint George below the akropolis all sign is gone of the time when the fighting saint displaced the fighting hero. On not a few Greek and Sicilian sites the foundations of the temples may be traced beneath the walls of the church. On a distant point of the hill of Akragas a small temple of early times has been changed into a now forsaken chapel. But here we have, not the foundations, not the ruins, not the mere traces or fragments in any shape, but the temple itself, in well nigh all its fullness, the building

which under every dominion, under every creed, has been for more than three-and-twenty centuries one of the holiest homes of Syracuse and her people. Here at least we feel that the history of man, his works and his beliefs, form one unbroken story. May so precious a possession as this never be taken from us by those who cannot look beyond the narrow bounds of two or three chosen centuries.

The story of the taking of Syracuse by the Saracens in 878 is told by the monk Theodosios in a letter to the archdeacon Leo. It is given in a Latin version in the collections of Pirro and Muratori; but the true text is Greek. It has been printed, for Amari refers to it; but unluckily it is not to be found in the place where we should most naturally look for it, in the Bonn collection of Byzantine historians.³ From his narrative we see plainly that the fortified city of Syracuse was already confined to the island. The whole description of the siege implies it, and we learn further that the metropolitan church had not always been in the island; there had been an earlier seat of the bishopric in some church in some of the other parts of the city which was now occupied by the invaders.⁴ It follows from this that it was since the public establishment of Christianity that the city had

³ The student of Sicilian history is constantly vexed by this strange fashion of printing Latin translations instead of Greek originals. Even in the Constitutions of Frederick the Second in the great collection of Huillard-Bréholles, though here the Latin text is of equal authority with the Greek, still we want the Greek to see how the words answer to one another. Yet M. Bréholles gives the Latin text only in full, and nothing but extracts from the Greek. I find from Potthast's *Wegweiser* that the Greek text of Theodosios was published by Hase in 1819 along with Leo the Deacon—quite another man from Leo the Archdeacon. But when Leo was reprinted in the Bonn series, why was not Theodosios reprinted with him? It is hard to expect one to search for and buy a second Leo in an odd place, as one's only way of getting at Theodosios.

⁴ The prisoners were taken "*ex urbe . . . ad Amiram qui in vetere majori ecclesia consederat.*"—Murt. i. 263.

¹ "Inter aram et sedem," says the Latin version in Muratori (i. part 2, p. 262); that is, behind the altar, between it and the bishop's throne in the apse.

² See Hertzberg, *Geschichte Griechenlands*, passim.

shrunk up into its old narrow bounds; we may guess with tolerable certainty that the change was recent, that it had been made since the Saracen inroads began. The long siege and its horrors, the breaking down of the towers which guarded the harbours, the entry of the besiegers, and the havoc wrought by them, are all told with spirit. One specially valiant defender of the city, Nikétas of Tarsos, who had often reviled Mahomet from the walls, was flayed alive; his heart was torn from his body and eaten, and he was lastly stoned.¹ But Bishop Sôphrônios and his clergy were, as compared at least with Nikétas, mildly treated. They were seized, as we have seen, in the church; but no harm was done to them save shutting them in a most unpleasant prison—we must remember that few prisons of those days, either in Christian or in Mussulman lands, were likely to be much better. Theodosios distinctly acquits the conquerors of any acts of torture or insult towards them. There was doubtless a good deal of difference between one Saracen and another, and Nikétas had clearly brought on himself special hatred. Again, when the prisoners reached Palermo, after a theological disputation with the Emir, the holy captives were once more condemned to a horrible prison among very bad company; but they were not killed or tortured. A distinct notice whether the church did or did not become a mosque would be precious. According to ordinary Mahometan rule, Christian worship would be allowed in some church or churches in or near the

city; but what we know of other places makes it most likely that the head church would be taken as a trophy for the use of the dominant faith. It is certain that Syracuse became one of the strongholds of Islam in the island, and the succession of bishops now ceases till Count Roger gave the liberated church a prelate of his own name.

Our present survey belongs to the inner Syracuse, to the city alike of the earliest and the latest times. But our survey of Ortigia is imperfect without a visit to at least one spot beyond its many gates. We have seen two hoary temples within the walls of the island city; we have to go forth and look on the small remains of a temple which is even more venerable, and, in the purely Hellenic history of Syracuse, more famous, than either of the others. The virgin daughters of Zeus had their holy places within the city; the Father of Gods and men himself was worshipped beyond its walls, in a sanctuary standing apart between the hills and the Great Haven. We reach the mainland; we forbear to turn to the right to visit any of the later quarters of the city; we turn to the left, and skirt the shore of the Syracusan harbour. We cross the Anapos, the miniature Nile of Sicily, where the paper-plant grows no less than by Arethousa's spring; and we find ourselves on the first battleground of the Athenian invaders. Above us, on a low hill, we see two massive columns, one as it were tottering for very age. Those are the relics of the temple of Olympian Zeus, which, here at Syracuse, just as at Athens and at Akragas, stood below and looked up at the loftier regions of the city. That hill is the Olympieion, the rich and holy site which Nikias not only spared, as Witiges spared the temples of the apostles without the walls of Rome, but which he further allowed to be turned into a military post against himself. It is needless to say that no such respect was shown to Olympian Zeus at the

¹ Ib. p. 261. This reminds one of the sufferings of Bishop Prokopios at Tauromenion. But the fashion of tearing out and eating hearts is not uncommonly reported. The reason is given in Geoffrey Malaterra, ii. 46; "Serlone everturato, Saraceni cor extrahunt. Ut audaciam ejus, quæ multa fuerat, conciperent, comedisse dicuntur." On this principle some savage nations are said to eat the eyes of their enemies. But we must remember that Richard of Poitou, already Lion-hearted, is reported in some ballads to have now and then enjoyed a slice of Turk.

hands of Phœnician Himilkôn. The little hill is climbed; the temple-platform is reached, and the spot is one rather to muse on than to explore. Part of the basement is there; otherwise the two columns, standing far apart from each other, relics of distant parts of the temple, are all that is left. The columns, strange to say, are monoliths; their capitals have vanished; but their whole air proclaims them to belong to the first days of Doric art. As such, they are the earliest monuments of Syracuse, earlier most likely than even the thick ranks of columns of Artemis in Ortygia. They have looked out on the whole history of Syracuse, from Gelôn to Garibaldi. The Great Harbour lies beneath us; we may, if we will, cover it in thought with contending triremes, as on the fearful day when it was Athens that fought for life and Syracuse for victory. We look out in thought at least at the whole range of cities, from the island settlement of Archias to the fortress, be it of Dionysios or of the last Hierôn, on the neck of Euryálos. And, as the eye passes along the deserted crests of the hills once thick with houses and temples, we think of the cycles which reign in human things. The cities of Gelôn, Dionysios, and Hierôn have passed away, while the primitive settlement of Archias still remains a living city of men. Athenian, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Saracen, Swabian, Angevin, and Spaniard, have all passed by as invaders, most of them as conquerors. Verres and Constans have dwelled as robbers; Diôn, Timoleôn, Maniakês, Roger, Frederick, and Garibaldi have come as deliverers. And those two aged columns, rising close above the battle-fields of the two earliest invasions, have looked on all. To us this seems antiquity; but the thought is rebuked as over the once

inhabited hills Ætna soars in its vastness, to remind us of long ages and mighty revolutions of nature, not only before Greek and Phœnician, but before Sikel and Sikanian, had stepped forth to dispute the possession of this memorable island. The moon rises over the waters, untouched alike by the strife of men and the strife of contending elements, bright and full as that fateful moon whose unlucky veiling condemned the doomed host of Athens to linger so many wretched days by that deadly shore. We come back to the road which we have left to climb the hill; and, if not before, then at least we remember that this is the very Helôrîc road by which that doomed host strove in vain to make its way to the friendly Sikel land. At another stage of our journey, we may, among the seats of the vast Syracusan theatre, call up in imagination all the triumphs of the Grecian drama; but here, on this green hill, without the walls alike of the lesser and of the greater Syracuse, we seem to see the whole tragedy which Thucydides has made immortal played out on the very spot before our eyes.

We have thus, in a hurried and superficial way, beheld the inner city, the city of Archias and of Maniakês, the city of our own day. But the Syracuse of Archias and Maniakês is but a small part of the mighty Syracuse which Timoleôn freed and over which the stern Marcellus, in his hour of conquest, wept in wonder. Another journey must take us through the newer and upper region over which, when the island fortress was found too narrow, the dwelling-places of men spread themselves, and from which they again fell back. We have seen Ortygia and the Olympieion; we have yet to see Achradina, Neapolis, Tychê, and Epipolai.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE CHANCES OF ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. ROSA's successful season at Her Majesty's Theatre has brought the question of the permanent establishment of English opera in London into the foreground once again. Thoughtful musicians and amateurs ask themselves, "Why should not we have an opera in our own tongue, sung more or less by our own people, and produced at least in reasonable proportion by our own poets and composers; such as the French and Germans, and even the Hungarians and Danes have had for years?" The late operatic season has proved two things:—First, that singers English-born, and partly at least English-trained, are quite able to do justice to some of the most difficult works of the international repertoire; and, second, that under an intelligent and enterprising management English opera need by no means spell "Ruin." By these two facts the chance of future and of permanent success may be considered safely established; but intelligence and enterprise are not alone sufficient to account for a success which is in strong contrast with the anything but brilliant results of previous seasons at the Lyceum and the Adelphi. The causes of this change must be looked for elsewhere, and it is of these causes, considered from a broadly historic point of view, that the present article is intended to treat.

The most superficial observer of social and artistic matters in London cannot but have noticed the change which has of late years come over the spirit in which music is listened to and practised by English amateurs. Not only does the interest taken in it exceed that granted to all the other arts in conjunction, but the character of this interest itself is becoming more and more divested of the attributes of a fashionable pastime. A glance at the crowds which assemble to listen to Beethoven's quartets at St. James's Hall, and to his symphonies at the Crystal Palace, would be

alone sufficient to establish the point. And in equal measure as the taste of our audiences has become more serious and refined, it has also broadened in scope. The exclusive admiration of Handel and Mendelssohn, on the one hand, and of the school "of the future," on the other, is gradually being merged in an intelligent appreciation of all good music to whatever school or country it may belong. But there are other signs of the times, if possible, still more important. A glance at the rise which the national development of music has of late taken in such remote countries as Russia and Norway, and the applause which the works of Tchaikoffski, of Grieg, and Svendsen, have met with all over Europe, naturally awaken the desire that England also should occupy her proper place amongst musical nations, and it has been justly recognised that, for that purpose, it is necessary not only to give due encouragement to the native talent already in existence, but also to prepare a healthy and congenial atmosphere for that yet to come. In this sense the agitation for a great central school of music after the pattern of the Paris Conservatoire is one of the most hopeful signs of the musical reawakening in England.

It is at such times of national art-revival that the demand for a national opera, in the sense above specified, becomes irresistible. The opera, as we at present understand the word, occupies a peculiar position in the history of music and of art, generally. A combination of the drama and of music, it is as different, on the one hand, from spoken tragedy or comedy, as it is, on the other, from music pure and simple. The last named arts have been derived from distinctly national sources, the drama from the old Mysteries and miracle plays; the symphony and the artistic song from simple dance forms and popular ditties. But no such natural growth is observ-

able in the opera. The Florentine *dilettanti*, Vincenzo Galilei (the father of the astronomer), Jacopo Peri, and Emilio del Cavalieri, who, in the sixteenth century cultivated *musica in stilo rappresentativo*, and became the founders of the modern opera, did so in connection with the great Renaissance movement of their time. They were intent upon reviving the classical drama with its rhythmical recitation and its choral interludes; and their efforts were, therefore, in the first instance, addressed to scholars and the upper classes generally. So great, however, was the love of music in Italy, and so abundant her production of musical genius, that the narrow limits of the original *dramma per musica* were soon expanded by a succession of men of genius, beginning with Claudio Monteverde, and extending to Rossini, Bellini, and Verdi. But the aristocratic and unpopular, or, at least non-popular, character has in some measure remained attached to Italian opera. Especially is this the case in foreign countries where the high price of the Italian importation practically excludes the multitude from its enjoyment.

Whatever their taste and their critical bias may be, musicians ought never to forget the enormous debt which the progress of the art owes to Italy. She not only produced great musicians herself, but also gave a stimulus to what latent genius there might be in other countries. Pelham Humphreys, the master of Henry Purcell, was himself the pupil of Lully, an Italian by birth although a Frenchman by adoption. But the most casual glance at the music of Humphreys, Purcell, and other writers of the English school will show the important influence exercised on them by Carissimi. Of the great Roman master's paramount reputation in this country, the following extracts from *Pepys's Diary*, published for the first time in Mr. Mynors Bright's recent edition, may serve as evidence:—

"22nd July, 1664.—Met (at his house), as I expected, Mr. Hill (my friend the merchant)

and Andrews, and one slovenly and ugly fellow, Signor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly, and they spent the whole evening in singing the best piece of musique counted of all hands in the world, made by Signor Charissimi, the famous master in Rome. Fine it was indeed, and too fine for me to judge of. They have spoke to Pedro to meet us every weeke, and I fear it will grow a trouble to me if we once come to bid judges to meet us, especially idle masters which do a little displease one to consider."

The same inexhaustible source of amusing gossip and valuable information testifies to the fascination exercised by Italian opera on the amateurs of England, and at the same time throws an interesting light on the natural antagonism existing between the foreign and the national elements of music in this, as in other countries. No excuse is needed for the quotation of the interesting extract which moreover bears upon the subject in point:—

"Feb. 12, 1667.—With my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique; and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista,¹ who hath proposed a play in Italian for the opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician, which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to anybody else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as it may be I should be if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray who understood the words, did say most excellent. . . . He (Tom Killigrew) tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured

¹ Giovanni Baptista Draghi, the younger brother of the more famous Antonio Draghi, born at Ferrara; he accompanied the Princess d'Este, wife of James II., to England, where he wrote several operas; one, *Psyche*, in conjunction with Matthew Lock (1672). The date of his death is unknown, but one of his operas was produced as late as 1706.

in the late King's time and in this to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says 'Hermitt poore' and 'Chiny Chase' (*sic* 'Chevy Chase' is evidently meant) was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give 200*l.* a-year a-piece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Gundilows, he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres."

But the influence of Italian music, and of Italian opera especially, was not limited to this country alone. Bach himself submitted to it, and the reputation of Handel, when he came to England was, as every one knows, chiefly founded on the setting of Italian words to more or less Italian music. And the same state of things continued in Germany for more than half a century after his death. Hasse and Graun and Mozart, and even Gluck, wrote *opere serie* and *buffe* to order, and by the dozen, in spite of their nationality and their individual genius. In the meantime, however, national music, to a great extent owing to the efforts of the masters above named, had gone its own way to a degree of perfection infinitely superior to that ever attained by the foreign product; and it may be said that, for the last century, Italian opera in Germany and France and other musical countries has had an essentially artificial existence fostered by fashion and apart from the real musical life of the nation. The first country to throw off the foreign yoke, and to establish a thoroughly national style of operatic music, was France, and the history of this re-action is worth studying in more than one respect. Curiously enough the founder of French operatic music was himself an Italian by birth, and, to some extent, by training. For although Lully was, at the age of thirteen, brought to France, and

trained by French masters, his style, like that of his pupil, Pelham Humphreys, distinctly shows the influence of Carissimi. Lully's early attempts at dramatic writing were limited to pieces of incidental music to various ballets and plays, Molière's *L'Amour Médecin* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* amongst the number, in which the composer also appeared as an actor and dancer. Various lucrative Court charges, and the exclusive privilege of performing opera at the Académie Royale de Musique of Paris were the reward of Lully's successful efforts at amusing the Great Monarch. In the meantime, French opera itself was as yet in an embryonic condition. In France, as elsewhere, opera was at first synonymous with Italian opera, having being introduced as early as 1645 by Mazarin, under whose auspices Strozzi's *La festa teatrale della finta pazza*, was performed by an Italian troupe. It was not till sixteen years later that the Abbé Perrin proved that the French language was at all available for musical purposes by breaking through the absolute rule of the Alexandrine, and writing what in the preface to his poems he aptly styles, *paroles de musique ou de vers à chanter*. His musical collaborator was Robert Cambert; and the joint production of these two men, named *La Pastorale*, and performed for the first time at a private theatre in 1659, may be called the first French opera proper. To Perrin's untiring energy the foundation of the Académie de Musique, or, as we should say, "Grand Opéra," is due. Lully at first was antagonistic to the new enterprise, and used all his natural aptitude for intrigue, and his Court favour, to injure his French rivals. It was not till after Perrin had quarrelled with his associates that Lully changed his tactics, purchased the privilege of performing operas from Perrin, and became the champion of the French music-drama—the possibility of which he had previously denied. It proves the potent spell of national French art, on the one hand, and Lully's pliable genius, on the other,

that he, the Italian, became the founder of the national music-drama in France. That name, rather than opera, is applicable to such works as *Persée*, *Armide*, and *Acis and Galatea*. They are, in a manner, the musical complement of the French classical tragedy as represented by Corneille; in the place of Italian fioriture and cantilena the declamatory principle is here, for the first time, relied upon, and it is by this historic fact, rather than by their intrinsic beauty, that Lully's works claim the attention of modern musicians. How that principle, and French opera generally, were further developed by Rameau, this is not the place to show. Of the twenty-two large works, which he composed and produced after he had completed his fiftieth year, not a single one now remains on the boards; but their historic interest is, nevertheless, unimpaired. In the meantime, Italian opera was by no means extinct in France, and it required an acute and prolonged struggle before the claims of French music, and of the French language as a medium for musical expression, were admitted by the majority of Frenchmen. Curiously enough the leading literary men of the day took the side of the foreign movement. French opera and its representatives were from the first in little favour with the poets and journalists of the capital. Boileau hated Lully, and calls him "un bouffon odieux, un cœur bas, un coquin ténébreux," and Diderot, in his fictitious dialogue with the nephew of Rameau, shows little sympathy with that celebrated composer and bumptious and overbearing man. But the most dangerous, and the most uncompromising antagonist of French music was Jean Jacques Rousseau. The *Lettre sur la Musique Française*, and the shorter and more amusing *Lettre d'un Symphoniste*, foreshadowing the manner of Berlioz, are nothing but the most violent diatribes against French, and in favour of Italian, music, in which instances of keen insight into the principles of dramatic composition are mixed up with the

most grotesquely absurd application of those principles to cases in point. There is much that is just in his objection to the irrelevant airs and insipid *chansonnettes* with which the French interspersed their dialogue, and the detailed analysis of *Armide's scena* (*Enfin il est en ma puissance*) in Lully's opera of that name, is, in its way, a masterpiece of unrelenting criticism; but when, on the other hand, we read the rapturous praise of everything Italian, and consider what the *Servu Padrona*, and Italian opera generally in the eighteenth century, really were, the unfairness of Rousseau's special pleading is but too apparent. The amusing wind-up of the article, which concentrates in a few sentences the venom of the preceding pages, must be quoted in the vigorous language of the original:—

"Je crois avoir fait voir qu'il n'y a ni mesure ni mélodie dans la Musique Française, parce que la langue n'en est pas susceptible; que le chant François n'est qu'un aboyement continu, insupportable à toute oreille non prévenue; que l'harmonie en est brute, sans expression, et sentant uniquement son remplissage d'Ecolier; que les airs François, ne sont point des airs, que le récitatif François n'est point du récitatif. D'où je conclus que les François n'ont point de Musique et n'en peuvent avoir; ou que si jamais ils en ont une, ce sera tant pis pour eux."

It ought to be remembered that the author of these remarks was himself the composer of an operetta in French, and that he who compared *le chant François* to the barking of dogs, wrote and composed two of the sweetest of the innumerable sweet chansons transmitted to us from the eighteenth century, *Le rosier* and *Que le temps me dure*. But in the heat of argument, and in his eager desire to spite Rameau, Rousseau forgets even the productions of his own mind, of which he was more proud than of *Emile* or *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Another point ought to be considered. Rousseau's criticism, although too sweeping, is by no means wholly unjust. Lully's recitation is dry and pompous, and Rameau's counterpoint pedantic. There is, indeed, no doubt that the French

school would have succumbed in the struggle, if rescue had not come from a different quarter. The arrival of Gluck in Paris, his difficulty at first in having his operas performed, his final triumph, and the great artistic commotion generally known as the struggle between Gluckists and Piccinists, are too familiar to musical and unmusical readers to require detailed mention. French music now, at last, had found a champion capable of holding his own against the best Italians. He was a foreigner, but his inspirations, and his artistic principles, were thoroughly French. If he had never come to Paris, French opera would never have become what it was, and is ; but neither would Gluck have been the Gluck we know, the author of the French *Alceste* and of *Iphigénie en Tauride*. The phenomenon has been repeated in the cases of Meyerbeer, and, if such juxtaposition may be tolerated, of Offenbach ; it proves the immense fascination of the French type of art for good and for evil. In Gluck's case the classic spirit, as revived by Corneille and Racine, and transferred to the lyric stage by Lully and Rameau, was the leading motive. The result is well known, and concerns us here only as far as it has reference to the national development of French opera. This national side of the question was fully acknowledged by the controversialists of the day. Clumsy adversaries occasionally taunted Gluck with his foreign origin, but judicious writers at once perceived that position to be untenable. They therefore contended, as one of Rousseau's cleverest and most hostile critics has put it, "qu'à l'exception de deux ou trois airs qui sont dans la forme italienne, et quelques récitatifs d'un caractère absolument barbare, sa musique est de la musique française, aussi française qu'il s'en soit jamais fait, mais d'un chant moins naturel que Lulli et moins pur que Rameau." Rumours were started at the time, and have found their way even into modern histories, that Queen Marie Antoinette warmly adopted the cause

of her countryman and old singing master, and that the gentlemen of her Court used, from the "Coin de la Reine," to applaud Gluck and to hiss Piccini. But Baron Grimm, an unimpeachable authority on Court gossip, on the contrary, informs us that it was the special desire of Marie Antoinette to retain Piccini in France. Very curious, and never before sufficiently noticed, is the attitude which Rousseau observed towards Gluck. He was, as we have seen, in every way committed to the Italian side ; but he was too keen, and, it is pleasant to add, too honest a critic to deny the genius of Gluck. The relation of the two great men seems from the first to have been friendly. When Gluck came to Paris he submitted to the philosopher the score of his Italian *Alceste*, asking him for such observations as might suggest themselves. Rousseau reluctantly undertook the task of studying the score, and proposed one or two alterations, which, it appears, were adopted in the French version. But before he had finished his task, Gluck withdrew his work, "without," as Rousseau somewhat peevishly adds, "asking me for my remarks, which had only been just begun." Such fragments as he had put down, he afterwards embodied in a letter to Dr. Burney, and they are still worth reading as a specimen of minute and intelligent criticism. The objection on principle against French opera has of course been dropped, and, along with it has disappeared the unbounded admiration for its Italian rival. Rousseau is now willing to acknowledge that "Le récitatif ennuye sur les théâtres d'Italie, non-seulement parce qu'il est trop long, mais parce qu'il est mal chanté et plus mal placé."

The results of the foregoing remarks which concern us here, are briefly : that the national music-drama in France was founded in antagonism to the Italian opera, although by an Italian ; and that it was placed on a permanent basis by another foreigner at the time of a national revival in matters musical. That such a revival was

taking place at the time is sufficiently proved by the interest which not only men of literary eminence, such as Diderot, Rousseau, and La Harpe, but also the highest social circles, took in the artistic discussions above referred to. Even the events of the Revolution were unable to extinguish this interest, and it was during the darkest days of the Terror that the unrivalled school of national music, the Paris Conservatoire, was originated.

To follow the rise of national opera in other countries would far exceed the limits of this essay. Germany was early in the race, but her first efforts were feeble. Nothing of Reinhard Keiser's (born 1673) numerous operas written for Hamburg now remains; and the Elector Charles Theodore's vast scheme of founding a German opera at Mannheim proved abortive. Here also, by the way, an "Alceste" played an important part; Wieland had supplied the libretto, but the composer Schweitzer was not equal to his task, and the opera, although brought out with great *éclat*, and trumpeted all over Germany as a great national event, soon sank into deserved oblivion. It need hardly be said that the real founder of German opera was Mozart, although his chief works were written to Italian words. But the struggle between the national and the foreign element did not take an acute form till after the War of Liberation, which roused the feeling of German unity to a pitch previously unknown. It would be interesting, but it would also require a large amount of space, to relate the valiant fight sustained by Weber against so unworthy a rival as Morlacchi, at Dresden. The personal humiliation suffered by the great master at the hands of an obtuse Court and aristocracy may be read in the biography written by his son. Sir Julius Benedict also remembers many a sad tale to the same effect. But although the master died young, and among strangers, his work survived and bore fruit. Without Gluck there would have been no Méhul, and, perhaps, no Auber; without Weber the supreme

power of Wagner might have taken a different, at any rate a more circuitous, route.

In the minor and less cultivated countries the same process as that hitherto described may be observed with more or less important variations. In Mr. Gosse's recent volume on *Northern Literature*, there is the following succinct account of the genesis of Danish opera:—

"The theatre in Kongens Nytorv took a new lease of vitality (towards the close of the last century), and, after expelling the French plays, set itself to turn out a worse cuckoo-fledgling that had made itself a nest there—the Italian opera. This institution, with all its disagreeable old traditions, with its gang of *castrati* and all its attendant aliens, pressed hard upon the comfort and welfare of native art, and it was determined to have done with it. The Italians were suddenly sent about their business, and with shrill screams brought news of their discomfiture to Dresden and Cologne. Then for the first time the Royal Theatre found space to breathe, and since then no piece has been performed within its walls in any other language than Danish. When the present writer heard Gluck's opera of *Iphigenia in Tauris* sung there some years ago with infinite delicacy and finish, it did not seem to him that any charm was lost through the fact that the *libretto* was in a language intelligible to all hearers. To supply the place of the banished opera, the Danes set about producing lyrical dramas of their own. In the old Hartmann, grandfather of the now living composer of that name, a musician was found whose settings of Ewald have had a truly national importance. The airs from these operas of a hundred years ago live still in the memory of every boy who whistles. From this moment the Royal Theatre passed out of its boyhood into a confident manhood, or at least into an adolescence which lasted without further crisis till 1805."

Making allowance for local differences, this account may be accepted as typical. Thus Alexej Verstovskij and Glinka became the fathers of Russian opera, the former with his *Asskold's Tomb*, at Moscow, in 1835; the latter, in the following year, at St. Petersburg, with his *Life for the Czar*. Amongst their numerous successors are Rubinstein and Alexander Serov, the author and composer of *Judith*, and other successful operas. The Russian school, although, like all other contemporary schools of dramatic music, under the influence of Wagner,

yet preserves sufficient originality of style to be distinguishable from those of other countries. In Bohemia the process was somewhat different. At Prague it was, in the first instance, German opera which superseded the decrepit Italian institution, to be in its turn followed by, or at least associated with, a national opera, of which Smetana, himself a successful composer, is the artistic leader. In Hungary matters have not progressed equally well. Ferencz Erkel's *Bank Ban* (his best work), and *Hunyady László*, over which patriots at Pesth go into raptures, are, to all intents and purposes, Italian operas, with Hungarian or pseudo-Hungarian airs skillfully interpolated. Mosonyi Mihály, another Magyar composer, has not yet had a fair trial; his best work, *Almos*, having never been performed. Baron Bodog Orcey also has treated a Hungarian subject, and used Hungarian rhythms in his opera *The Renegade*, the overture and ballet music from which have been recently performed in London. But it is said that the general type of his music is too essentially German to please his compatriots.

And how about England? Where are her national singers and composers; and where the enthusiastic audiences who watch over the development of native talent with care and jealous zeal? The question is, or at least was till quite lately, difficult to reply to, unless we accept *The Pinafore* as the ultimate acme of English art, and the Opera Comique, in the Strand, as its temple. Many and various causes might be alleged for this national deficiency. Sir George Bowyer, and other persons apt to rush in where students and impartial critics fear to tread, might complain of the national inaptitude of Englishmen for music, regardless of the fact that from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of James II. England ranked among leading musical nations, both as regards production, and intelligent reproduction and love of the art. To the student of English musical history, the failure of English opera appears to

have its origin in two events and in a name. The first event was the premature death of Purcell. That Purcell, had he lived, would have established a national school of music, and that that school would have been pre-eminently a dramatic one, no one acquainted with his work can deny. Unfortunately he died too soon to fully develop his own power, or to give stability to such results as he had achieved already; and when, fifteen years after his death, Handel came to England, the interest of all lovers of music immediately centred in him, and the English school was too weak to resist the general, and, under the circumstances, perfectly natural tendency. Still the case was by no means hopeless: Handel, as a dramatic composer, had hitherto followed Italian models, but, like Gluck, he was by no means impermeable to the influences of the country which he made his own. Germans themselves acknowledge that the great impulse which produced the oratorios is essentially English in character, and it may be assumed that if Handel had adhered to dramatic composition, similar causes would have produced similar effects, and Handel might have become the English Gluck. But, thanks to the intrigues of Italian rivals, working hand in hand with the religious bias of the country, this second chance of English opera also was to be foiled. The failure of *Xerxes*, in 1738, may stand for the second event, above referred to. Of the numerous attempts at establishing English opera on a permanent basis, which were made during the last and present centuries, and amongst which the joint enterprise of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison was the most important, this is not the place to speak; neither is it the present writer's desire to judge in a summary manner of the numerous works by well-known English composers called into life on such occasions. Some of these have kept the stage to the present day, but none of them has become the legitimate model of what, without extreme stretch of

courtesy, could be called a representative school of English opera.

This leads us back to the third detrimental element—the name. English opera has, in the course of time, become identified with a kind of mongrel type of entertainment; consisting of detached pieces of music, interspersed with spoken dialogue, which, in its turn, seems introduced only to explain the reason for another song. To call this class of work English *par excellence* is as absurd as it is unhistoric. The same inferior type of dramatic music has existed, and to a great extent still exists, in most countries. The Germans, for example, have their *Singspiel*. But no person in his senses would, for that reason, call Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, or Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*, German operas proper. The existence of the spoken dialogue in such a work as Beethoven's *Fidelio* can be compared only to one of those formations in the human body which, according to Darwin, were of great use to our tree-climbing forefathers, but which now only serve the osseologist as the memento of a previous inferior type. This inferior type of the semi-musical drama has been fully recognised in France, where the line between Opera Comique and Grand Opera is actually drawn by the law. It was at the same time, in France, where, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, the first-named *genre* reached its highest, and indeed a very high, stage of development. On the French stage every singer knows how to declaim, and the transition from the word to the song is divested of that abruptness so jarring to the feeling and the ear in English theatres. At the same time the fact remains that in France, as elsewhere, the spoken dialogue is absolutely unavailable for the purposes of the higher music-drama. Masaniello spouting Alexandrines, or Tannhäuser lapsing into prose, would be voted unqualified nuisances all the world over. It is one of the great merits of the Italian opera seria to have demonstrated this fact beyond dispute. The *fiasco* of *The Golden*

Cross last year, and of *Piccolino* three months ago, taught Mr. Rosa a wholesome lesson as to the merits of spoken dialogue at a large theatre.

To return to early English writers; so far from shunning the recitative, they were, on the contrary, most eager and most competent to treat it. Purcell's first dramatic attempt, *Dido and Aeneas*, although written by a boy, and performed by boys, is full of the most striking instances of accurate and forcible declamation; *vide*, for instance, the short dialogue between Dido and Anna, and Dido's accompanied recitative, "Whence could so much virtue spring," with one of those curious attempts at tone-painting to the word "storms" of which Purcell was so fond. And Purcell is not alone in this respect: Henry Lawes—

"Who with smooth air could humour best our tongue,"

attends to every *nuance* of enunciation with as much care as Liszt or Robert Franz could do: and even so humble a worshipper as Mr. Pepys was not remiss in this respect. When, a short time ago, the present writer unearthed from among the treasures of the Pepysian library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, the song "Beauty retire," with the merits and genesis of which students of the *Diary* are so well acquainted, he was surprised at the skilful and truly dramatic way in which the pompous love-plaint of the tyrant is musically rendered. It is true that the spoken dialogue is, with a few exceptions, found in the early specimens of English opera, but this, as we have seen before, was the case in most other countries, and there is every reason to believe that the English school, had it lived, would have been among the first to rid itself of the intruder.

From Purcell and Lawes, to Mr. Rosa's season, at Her Majesty's Theatre, it is a long step; but there is little to detain one by the way. Of the aims and chances of this last enterprise a great deal has been said and written of late, and, instead

of trying to find new phrases for old thoughts, it will be as well to quote the words of a daily contemporary to this effect :—

"It may be alleged that an opera season conducted by a German, Mr. Rosa, and an Italian, Signor Randegger, and the novelties of which are a German and two French works (*Rienzi*, *Carmen*, and *Piccolino*), shows but little of the national English element. But it ought to be remembered that in France also it was Lully, an Italian, who formed the national school, and Gluck, a German, who saved it from the encroachments of the foreign element. Moreover, Mr. Rosa has, by word and deed, shown himself desirous to produce works by English composers, if it can be done with a reasonable chance of success. The most important thing for the present is to establish English opera—that is, dramatic music of all schools sung in the English language—on a permanent basis in London. If this has once been done, first-class English singers and, in due course, English composers will be attracted by the chances of fame and gain thus offered to them, and the nucleus of a truly national theatre will be formed."

And in its summary of the results of the English season the same journal remarks :—

"It is easy to point the moral to be derived from this record of success (*Rienzi* and *Carmen*) and of failure (*Piccolino*). If English opera is to become a permanent, or at least an annual, institution, at a large London theatre, it must not rely upon works of the *Piccolino* type, no more than on constant repetitions of *Favorita*, *Sonnambula*, and other stock pieces of the Italian stage. What is wanted is an impartial and intelligent selection from the important operas of the international *répertoire* without undue predilection for any particular epoch, school, or country, the only necessary condition being the elevated type and intrinsic value of the work chosen. *Carmen*—to return to the case in point—is as different from *Rienzi* as can well be imagined, yet both have succeeded because both contain in a more or less developed state the germs of genuine human interest, as regards dramatic impulse and its musical embodiment. A selection made on these principles and executed in an

artistic and generally efficient manner, would at once place English opera on a par with the national institutions of other countries."

And in that case, what, it may finally be asked, is to become of Italian opera in England? Is the London season to be no longer made musical by Italian melody and Italian vocalisation? Such an issue ought to be devoutly deprecated in the interests of both art and fashion. Neither need it be in the least apprehended. Italy will always remain the land of song and the school of singing; and that school all other musical nations will have to attend. It is by their neglect of this duty that German singers have lost that art of producing the voice without which the best natural gifts are of little avail. We, in this country, are more fortunately situated: the wealth of the nation and the laudable enterprise of our operatic managers attract the most eminent foreign singers to our shores, and the Italian opera may in the course of time become a most valuable complement to a national conservatoire. Unfortunately, the purity of Italian singing itself has been much impaired of late years. Natives of all countries have invaded the Italian stage, and the undoubted, and, in some cases, supreme value of French and English and Swedish acquisitions is somewhat counterbalanced by the heterogeneous style of singing and of pronouncing the words introduced by less accomplished natives of those and other countries. If some of the English-speaking talent, thus absorbed, were diverted to its natural channel, perhaps Italian opera, as well as English opera, would profit by the division of labour.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

MANZONI'S HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Of all the Sacred Hymns of Manzoni this is the one which breathes the most comprehensive spirit. The first part runs on the more mystical emblems of the Church. But the latter part, which alone is capable of general use, enters into the very heart of the doctrine of the spiritual nature of Christianity, and contains a meaning beyond the original force of the words, which was intended to be confined to the limits of the Roman Church. It is in this wider sense that the following paraphrase has been attempted.

I.

SPIRIT unseen, our spirit's home
Wheresoe'r o'er earth we roam,
Lost in depths of trackless wood,
Tost on ocean's desert flood,
By the Old World's sacred haunts,
Or the New World's soaring wants,
Peopled isle or coral shoal,
We through Thee are one in soul.

II.

Spirit of forgiving Love,
Come and shelter from above
Those who claim Thee as their own,
Or who follow Thee unknown;
Come and fill with second life
Minds distraught with doubt and strife;
Conquering with Thy bloodless sword
Be the conquer'd's great reward.

III.

Come, and through the languid thought
Of the burden'd soul o'erwrought,
Send, as on a gale of balm,
Whisperings sweet of gentlest calm;
Come, as with a whirlwind's might,
When our pride is at its height,
Lay its surging billows low,
That the world her God may know.

IV.

Love Divine all love excelling,
Quell the passions' angry swelling;
Lend us thoughts which shall abide
That last day when all is tried;
Nourish with the grace of Heaven
All good gifts to mortals given,
As the sunshine seeks to feed
Brightest flower in dullest seed.

V.

Yea—the flower would fade and perish
Were there no kind warmth to cherish,
Never would its petals rise,
Clothed with their refulgent dyes,
Had no genial light been near,
Turning from its loftier sphere,
With unwearied care to nurse
Highest good 'mid darkest curse.

VI.

Led by Thee the poor man's eye
Looks towards his home on high,
As he thinks with joy of One
Deem'd like him a poor man's son :
Touch'd by Thee the rich man's store
From his open hand shall pour,
Lightened by the loving look
And the silent self-rebuke.

VII.

Breathe the speaking speechless grace
Of the infant's smiling face ;
Pass with swift unbidden rush
Through the maiden's crimson blush ;
Bless the solitary heart
Dwelling with its God apart ;
Consecrate to things above
Happy home and wedded love.

VIII.

When the pulse of youth beats high,
Be Thy still, small warning nigh ;
When for great resolves we yearn,
Towards the Cross our manhood turn ;
When our locks grow scant and hoary,
Light them with Thy crown of glory :
When at last we come to die,
Sparkle in the vacant eye,
Hope of Immortality.

A. P. STANLEY.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CONFERENCE.

"WELL, Horace, my boy, where's the use of going on arguing? I suppose it never happened yet that a young man's mother has exactly the same opinion of the girl he is going to marry as he has himself, more especially when the young man is an only son, and the mother, poor soul, has been all her life in the way of thinking nothing good enough for his having. I'm not going to quarrel with you for not being as exacting of what is due to you as I am. No, nor yet for disliking to take up the cudgels on my account when I'm tempted to think that the girl who professes to love you might make a little more of your mother. I say nothing about that."

"I am sorry enough you should have occasion to complain, mother," answered Horace, gloomily. "You can't think it pleases me to see you overlooked; but as to what you say about professing to love me—don't let us make *her* out a hypocrite, there's not been so much profession of the kind that we need talk about it."

"The more shame for her then, I say," cried Mrs. Kirkman, fanning herself vigorously; "there it is where I do lose patience. Open the window a crack, will you, Horace? for I feel suffocating. It's either that the weather is unnaturally hot for April—or else—I am getting stouter and stouter till it'll be a mercy if your Miss Rivers don't send me off in an apoplectic fit some fine morning with her shilly-shally and her vagaries. No, I'm not going to call her names; hussy was on my lips, but I know it don't become me to say it, or you to hear, but I've a right to speak my thoughts out to my own son, and I will say that it's a shame for her to

have as good as promised to marry you at the end of the season, which ain't far off now, if she don't love you as you deserve to be loved, my boy."

"A man deserves in that way what he can get, I suppose, mother," said Horace, a little proudly and sadly; "and if he chooses to give *all* for nothing, it's his own look-out, I believe; no one can mend the matter to him by talking about it."

"My poor boy!" said Mrs. Kirkman, putting down her fan to pat her son's broad, brown hand, which hung over the back of her chair, against which he had been leaning during a long conversation, started by the arrival of a little twisted note from Alma Rivers, that at the end of half an hour lay open on the table before them, still unanswered.

"My poor boy!"

"You need not pity me, mother," Horace answered, in a pained, sulky tone. "I hate pity! Let me manage my own affairs without your interference or my father's, and they'll come right enough, I daresay. She and I understand each other. I don't go in for sentiment myself to the extent that some people do, and if she likes to make the most of her time of keeping me in suspense, it's what every woman enjoys, I am told. It will end as we wish, provided my father and you consent to let her alone, and don't put up her pride by perpetually requiring her to tack herself on to us wherever we choose to take her."

"But that's just what your father does expect, and I warn you he won't hear any contradiction about it. He ain't what some people call sensitive; he has put up with a good deal in his time, but now he feels he has got beyond all that, and other people should begin to put up with whims of

his if he chooses to start 'em. It's his whim just now to make a figure in society, and in picking a wife for you he has chosen a girl he thought likely to help him. He has not stood out for money to match what he can give you, nor yet for rank—though he believes you could have had that for the asking. He does not care to put you and your wife at the top of the tree, and for him and me to be looked down upon by your wife's people; his thought was to connect ourselves with a family that had risen, but who had gone in for reputation and making their way into society, while he ground on at the money-making till he'd got it up to the mark he had set before himself. The Riverses seemed to have fit his thoughts exactly. They manage to be well received everywhere, and yet we know enough of their beginnings to feel quite at ease with them. I've had it in my mind scores of times, when Lady Rivers has been talking to me about my lady this, and the countess that, and her court dresses, and her confidential maid, to put her in mind of a day when I dropped in at her old home in Darlington, and caught her and her sister with fingers the colour of a mallow, dyeing their last year's ribbons to retrim their hats for assize week, when Frank Rivers and his friend Mr. West were expected down from London. I let her talk as if we'd neither of us done a hand's-turn of useful work in our lives, but I'm ready to laugh in her face all the while, and the recollection don't dispose me to encourage Miss Alma in giving herself the airs of a duchess before your father and me. If she'd shown the same pride when we first knew her—as she's treated us to lately—you'd never have had leave to make up to her, I can tell you, Horace."

"I might have done it all the same, mother; you and my father seem to have taken it into your heads that I have likings to order, but you are wrong there. I did not fall in love with Miss Rivers to further my

father's plans, I can assure you; and I can't, and sha'n't change my feelings towards her, because he's not satisfied with the bargain he thought he'd made. You had better let him know as much."

"Nay, nay! it has not come to anything of the kind yet," said Mrs. Kirkman, soothingly. "I only meant to put you on your mettle, so to speak, that you may let the young lady see you are not to be trifled with. It's all very well to talk about feelings, and I respect you for having 'em, my boy, but all the same we can't shut our eyes to it, that they are not the first things exactly to be thought of in this case. Where would you be if your father turned grumpy, and sent you to Miss Rivers with nothing but your feelings to speak to her about? Not even in as good a position as your father was when he came for me long ago, for you've not been brought up to work as he was, and though I don't think little of you—as you know, my boy—I don't take you to be such a man as your father."

"And whose fault is it, mother, that I have never been allowed to work? I'm always being twitted with my idleness, and the contrast with my father, but what opportunity have I had of doing as he did? He prides himself on having crowded the business of a dozen lives into one, and of leaving nothing for me to do. He surely need not reproach me for being what he has worked so hard to make me! How does he know that I should not have liked work and independence better than the life he thrusts upon me? I can tell you I am often sick enough of it. I don't need you to tell me what a poor figure I cut, or how little chance there is of Miss Rivers taking me except for my father's money."

"Tush! Tush! Your father made the money with toil enough, and plenty of enemies alongside of it, to grudge and carp at some of his plans in getting it together. All he asks of you is to spend it creditably, and please yourself, with

a thought to his pleasure and credit too, which don't seem to me a very hard bargain. Come, come, Horace! don't let us get into the dolefuls for next to nothing."

"It is something to me, however, if my father expects me to quarrel with Miss Rivers, after all he's done to bring us together."

"It's to prevent a quarrel, not to make one, that I advise you to show some spirit to-day. So long as a woman fancies she can twist her lover round her fingers, she never knows the hold he has on her heart. Let Miss Alma see that there is something you insist upon above pleasing her whims, and she'll soon come to her senses, and think more of you than she has ever done yet. I know women, if even, as I see you are thinking by your obstinate face, Horace, my dear, I am not equal to understanding your sweet-heart. It don't alter human nature, that ever I've heard, to be able to speak a dozen foreign languages and play on the piano, no, nor to have worn kid gloves and led a useless life ever since you was born; you're a woman when all's said and done, and you can't bring yourself to think much of a man who is soft enough to knock under to you at every turn. You may take my word for that."

"I don't doubt the wisdom of your advice, so far as it goes," said Horace, slowly. And then he rose from his leaning posture over his mother's chair, and, strolling to the window, stood with his arms folded, looking out. He wished with all his soul that he could take his mother's view of the case, and credit Alma with so much genuine regard for him that an assumption of loving authority on his part would awaken a response of womanly tenderness on hers. He tried to imagine a lover's quarrel between them, which should be, as his Eton Latin Grammar had taught him, "the renewing of love." *Renewing!* but had there ever been a beginning of love on her side? Could he, looking back on all the variations of

manner that so engrossed him—kind, coquettish, fascinating, indifferent—fix on a single look or word in all their intercourse that had quite satisfied him at the time as evidence of the feeling he was always looking for and never exactly finding? He did not expect or wish for sentiment, as he often reminded himself, but a certain genuine preference he did feel to be necessary. He could not quite reconcile himself to the thought of being taken simply for what he had to give, however satisfactory such homage to the magnitude of their possessions might be to his father. He wanted something for himself, some sort of recognition; and he thought, as he stood taking stock, as it were, of his own love and the strength of his own feelings towards Alma, that there was that in him which gave him a right to demand it. Perhaps his mother was right, and he had damaged himself by yielding to Alma's caprice. He ought to have resented the slights she had put upon his mother—that fond, good mother, whose oddities and vulgarities he in his better moments hated himself for despising in his worst.

"Well," he said, coming back to his mother's chair when he had worked off part of his irritation by pulling a heavy blind-tassel to pieces. "Well, what is it you want me to do about this note of Alma's? She apologises to you for throwing over her engagement to go with us to Hurlingham on Thursday week, but she makes no allusion to my disappointment. Would you have me remonstrate when I see her to-night at Lady Forrest's ball?"

"For which you've never had a proper invitation, let me remind you; only a verbal intimation from Alma that you may go if you like, and no word about your father or me."

"That is not her fault; and if the Forrests choose to keep to their own set we can do without them; it is nothing to us."

"It will be something to you, Horace, when you've married, if

your wife gets carried by her sister into a set where you are looked down upon. You said yourself that you got shoved up into a corner and hardly had a word with Alma the whole evening, the last time you were at Lady Forrest's. I would not put myself in the way of being so slighted before my future wife's very eyes, if I were you. Let Alma miss you to-night, and write her a letter to bring her to her senses about Thursday. Tell her your father will be seriously offended if she breaks her engagement. He's invited a large party on the strength of her promise, swells whom he don't trust me to entertain without some one who understands them to back me up. No, I don't want you to put it exactly in that way, Horace. I dare say I should if I were to write, for I never can get anything said but what I mean when I put pen to paper; but you've had education enough to fit you to tell white lies in a letter. You'd better begin at once, for I'm going out soon, and I want you to come with me to Gunter's to order the luncheon for Thursday. You young men understand good eating nowadays, and are twice as critical as we old housekeepers."

"Very well, mother, I'll write here. You had better give me half an-hour," glancing at the writing-table with a look of disgust, as if it were an instrument of torture to which he was about to deliver himself up for that space of time.

"That's right," said Mrs. Kirkman, encouragingly; "I'll leave you alone. One does a thing of that kind easier when one's alone, and can pull all the faces over it one feels inclined to. I'll go and ask your father if he's any suggestions to make about the lunch-basket on Thursday. He wants it to be something very special, quite regardless of—. But there, I beg your pardon, Horry. I know that's one of the phrases you don't like to hear from my lips so often, though why, when one is spending one's money freely, and has been looking

forward to nothing else all one's life, one should be afraid to talk about it, is more than I shall ever understand."

Horace's Eton education, though it did him good service in a thousand ways that had not entered into his father's calculation of the uses of learning, had failed to raise him as far above letter-writing difficulties as his mother supposed, and but for a certain dogged resoluteness of nature that forbade him to fail in accomplishing a given task in a given time, the end of the half-hour would have found him with nothing to show for his application.

"My dear Alma," he wrote, and then he sat staring at the words and biting the end of a pen viciously for fully twenty-five minutes. It chanced that he had never written a note to Alma since their semi-engagement. He was not fond of writing, and he had hitherto never allowed a single day to pass without managing a meeting and the exchange of a few bright, gossiping words somewhere; and now the combined thoughts that he was about to write to her, and that he should not see her for twenty-four hours, filled his mind blankly and hindered his progress. What sort of a look would there be on her face, he kept asking himself, when he came for an answer to this letter of remonstrance? Judging her obstinacy by his own, he thought he would avoid being hard upon it. He would make the yielding as easy as possible. He would write such a note as should need no answer but the gracious, good-humoured consent to his request, which she would surely not refuse when he came taking it for granted. He would show his resolution by letter, and in her sweet presence reward her yielding by steadily ignoring that there had ever been any contest of will between them.

He was pleasing himself with this thought when he heard his mother's steps reascending the stairs to her *boudoir*, and pushing away his first sheet, where he had scrawled Alma's name

a dozen times, he seized another and wrote rapidly, knitting his brows and setting his teeth with the same sort of resolution he would have called up to take a desperate leap or face a perilous crag in mountain-climbing.

"My dear Alma,—I have been much astonished and hurt at the contents of the note my mother received from you this morning. I take it for granted that you had not, when making the engagement you speak of as likely to prevent you from keeping your promise to my father and mother for Thursday week, taken into consideration all the inconvenience and annoyance your withdrawal from the party arranged for you would occasion them, and I therefore scribble off a hasty line to entreat you to reconsider your plans. I say nothing about my own disappointment at losing the long day in your company I am looking forward to. Severe as this would be, the chief point with me this morning is to be assured that you did not intentionally prefer other friends to my father and mother and myself. I don't want to be exacting on your time or attention, but I think, dearest Alma, that I have a right to take it for granted that you do feel something more to be due to them and me than other, if even older, friends can claim from you. What does the promise you made to me three months ago mean but this? I have been very patient, but when feelings are so strong as mine there is a limit to patience. I shall not expect an answer to this letter, but shall hope to find you ready to join the party for Hurlingham when I call for you."

The last three sentences were written with a dash, the pen-point driving into the thick creamy paper with an energy meant to assure himself that his hand was not trembling at all, and that he did not feel as if any great stake for him hung on the mood in which those words would be read by and by. Then he signed and folded the sheet without reading it over, and came forward to meet his mother, wearing the

most nonchalant air he could put on.

"You'd better let me post your letter to Miss Rivers," said Mrs. Kirkman, a little doubtful of this ostentatious display of resolution. "Your father has actually been talking to me about her just as if he'd guessed what there was in that twisted note. There never was such a thing yet done as to get on his blind side. He sees further through a deal board than any one I ever came across, and he ain't at all satisfied with the way your engagement is going on. I hope you've put it strongly to Alma about behaving herself on Thursday, for if she don't you'll have all the fat in the fire, I can tell you."

"The what, mother?" asked Horace, gloomily.

"I've said it," answered Mrs. Kirkman. "And dear me, Horry, I take pains enough when I'm in company to keep back the expressions that come natural to me; if I may not say what I like, as I like, when I'm alone with you, my life won't be worth having. I often think how glad I should be to awake some morning and find myself in our old house at Darlington, with your father a clerk at the iron-works again, and friends about us with whom I need not be on my Ps and Qs. If you're not to be happy—if you don't get what you want—I shall begin to wonder what we ever made all this fuss about, for it don't seem to be doing any of us much good." Mrs. Kirkman's broad red face actually wrinkled up piteously as she finished her sentence, and tears filled her eyes and began to overflow slowly. It was such an unusual sight that, shaken for the moment out of his usual crust, Horace stooped down and kissed her affectionately.

"Never mind, old mother, we'll make it out somehow," he said. "But you'd better leave me to post the letter to Miss Rivers. I should not like to have it taken out of my hands in such a fashion as that."

He carried it about with him in his

pocket all day, feeling a certain satisfaction and sense of safety in keeping it in his own power, and diminishing as far as was prudent the interval between Alma's receipt of the letter and his next interview with her, when he could do as he liked about making concessions. Wondering too, in his vague way, that his first love-letter should be of such an uncomfortable character, and that he should care so extravagantly about it that when at last he did drop it into a letter-box in time to reach Eccleston Square by the latest post, such an agony of anxiety seized him that nothing but the certainty that no amount of bribery or entreaty would be of any use, prevented him from rushing into the post-office and demanding to have it returned.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE note that had cost so much discussion, and been sent on its way with so many misgivings, reached Alma very early on the morning of the next day on her return from a ball at Lady Forrest's, to which her father had accompanied her. They had gone into Sir Francis's study on entering the house, and while they were waiting for some tea, Sir Francis, as was his wont, began to peer about for any notes or newspapers that might have come in since he left the room a few hours before.

"May not the letters, if there are any, wait till breakfast-time? I'm sure we are too tired to care about them now," said Alma, languidly.

"Ah," cried Sir Francis, looking keenly at her, "you are tired, you did not enjoy yourself this evening. I don't generally notice such matters, but it struck me that something was wrong with you. How was it your indefatigable attendant was not in waiting to-night as usual? But (with a keen smile) I should not have thought *that* omission especially provocative of fatigue. Constance seemed merry enough, and, by the

way, who was that young fellow who danced with her so many times, and with whom her little ladyship giggled a good deal in her old style I thought at supper? One of the younger generation of Forrest cousins, who have taken her up in despite of the elders, I suppose, as she makes so much of him."

"Papa," cried Alma, "is it possible you did not know him? Do you not remember young Lawrence, Frank's great friend, who was so often with us at Shanklin the winter we spent there before Frank went to India? Have you forgotten all about him?"

And Alma wondered with a sore feeling of indignation swelling her heart whether her father would take Wynyard Anstice for one of Horace Kirkman's relations if he met him in her married home a year or so hence, forgetting all that had gone before. But no, Wynyard was not a person to be so easily forgotten.

"You certainly are not an observing person, papa," she added.

"My dear, I have other things to think about; but I do remember young Lawrence now you recall my thoughts to him. Your mother got into a great fright about him, and sent for me to come to Shanklin at a very inconvenient moment, I remember, to act bugbear and keep him out of the house. I don't think I saw him half-a-dozen times. Constance was supposed to have been smitten by his charms, was she not? But she was a mere child then, who ought not to have been thinking of anything but her back-board and her *Mangnall's Questions*. Perhaps I ought to be more observing. However, that is Sir John's business now, as far as silly little Conny is concerned. He's old enough to take care of his wife, one would think. How comes he to let an old lover of hers hang about the house and dance with her half the evening before a score or so of critical Forrest relations? Do you suppose he knows anything about their past acquaintance?"

"Papa!" cried Alma, astonished again, "you know very little about

Constance if you think she can ever have found sufficient courage to tell such a tale to Sir John Forrest."

"I should have thought, however, that it required more courage, and a sort of courage I am sorry to credit a child of mine with, to dance and giggle with a young fop like that before her husband's very eyes. If Constance is so timid how comes she to risk offending her husband so outrageously?"

"She does not mean any harm, poor child, she is carried away by the excitement of the moment, and I think even you must know by this time, papa, that there is never much likelihood of Sir John's noticing, particularly anything that takes place after dinner. He was asleep in a corner of the billiard-room nearly all this evening."

"Ah, I begin to feel sadly afraid your mamma made a mistake there, and that that marriage will turn out a bad business; but he is not always asleep?"

"Not quite always, and he is exacting and jealous enough when he is awake; but Constance can always humour and satisfy him when she pleases. One gets used to it," said Alma in a low, sad tone.

She was thinking of herself as well as of Constance, and feeling with a keen sense of self-degradation, how easy the descent was from daily false seeming such as must inevitably come of living in false relations with the people about you, to actual false speaking and distinctly dishonest deeds. Was it a descent on which one could stop one's self? Her father first broke the silence into which they fell.

"Well, I had nothing to do with it. I really was too busy to see enough of what went on to be a fair judge, and your mother assured me that Constance was left perfectly free, and that she chose for herself."

"Yes, it was all put before her very strictly, and she thought herself that she should not like poverty. I suppose we none of us do; it is the one

evil that can be put before one. The other evils are left out of sight."

"I wish your mother were well enough to come home. Her authority over Conny is sadly needed. It is most unlucky that she should be away this spring."

"It would make her miserable to bring her back to this," said Alma. "Papa, you will not blame me now, will you, when I shirk engagements with the Kirkmans to keep close to Constance?"

"You are a good child," said Sir Francis, affectionately. "I will trust you to do what you think best. You have more sense than all the others put together; and you, at all events, shall be left at liberty to act and judge for yourself."

"Thank you, papa," said Alma, drawing her head back to escape the kiss he would have given, "but it is a little late, is it not, to say that? Here comes my tea—and letters."

There were two, one was from La Roquette, and both were for Alma. As she took them up, Sir Francis asked the servant if any one had inquired for him during the evening, or if any telegram had arrived.

"Did you expect one?" Alma asked, when the servant had left the room.

"I am very glad to escape, I can tell you, for you have given me bad news enough for one evening; but I confess I am anxious. I met an old friend of the Wests this evening, who gave me a hint to expect fresh trouble in Saville Street. He had heard a rumour that poor West had been carried home from his office in a fit or something of the kind to-day. I rather expected to find I had been sent for, but as there seems to be no message we will hope, for the next six or seven hours at least, that his illness has been exaggerated. You have finished your tea, I see; had we not better go to bed, and try to get as much sleep as circumstances admit of, to fit us for to-morrow's budget of worries?"

Alma took the hint, and carried her

letters up stairs ; but she did not act on her father's advice when she got to her own room. Her eye had fallen on a sentence in her mother's letter which made it quite impossible to leave the reading of all the rest till the next morning, and so soon as she was disencumbered of her ball-dress, and had let down the heavy ropes of hair from her aching head, she unfolded the thin sheets. She read and re-read, turning back to consider particular phrases, and feeling as she did so that it mattered little as far as she was concerned, that the hours for sleep her father thought so precious were stealing away, and the faint light of an April dawn creeping into the London sky, for the thoughts her mother's letter had called up were effectual banishers of slumber for her. This was the letter which Lady Rivers had written, while she and Emmie sat opposite each other, waiting for Wynyard's arrival with the charette, on the afternoon of Madame de Florimel's birthday *fête*. The sentence to which Alma's eyes oftenest turned back was the one that had caused Lady Rivers to look up and study Emmie's figure in her gala dress, when she finished writing its last word. "Emmie West and your old friend, Wynyard Anstice, have set up quite a marked flirtation since he turned up so unexpectedly here. I always told you he was a flirt, and very easily won, but I think this last fancy of his will turn out to be the right thing for him, and that he is in earnest at last."

Alma laid the letter aside after a while, and sat thinking, with her hands clasped tightly over the folded sheets. Her face had flushed, and her lips curled contemptuously as she read, but gradually the colour and the angry light on her face ebbed away, and left it only profoundly sad and troubled. The effect of that subtly concocted sentence was very different from what her mother had anticipated when she penned it. Alma's struggle with herself as she sat watching the daylight steal into her room was not

waged against wounded feelings or disappointment at being supplanted so soon in her rejected lover's heart. She simply did not believe her mother's statement, and the feeling aroused was one of indignation against what she took to be a manœuvre designed to drive her with more headlong speed into the Kirkmans' arms.

She tried hard not to be bitter against her mother, and the careful study of the letter had been chiefly for the sake of dwelling on words and phrases that told of suffering and low spirits. She must not, she told herself, grow angry with her sick mother—but, oh, what a vista of petty manœuvres—little shoves this way and that—inuendoes which further experience proved untrue—did not that sentence open up in her memory. It bore such a likeness to a hundred other sayings of the same kind ; it owed its origin so clearly to the same promptings, that it was difficult not to let it reawaken all the old buried heart-burnings. And then Alma, having forbidden herself to blame her mother, turned the weight of her indignation against herself. Was she a log, without any will or conscience of her own, to be shoved this way and that ? She fancied she could read the whole matter clearly just now, and quite easily discern the misrepresentations her mother's prejudices had thrown over Wynyard's conduct. But why had she not been as clear-sighted formerly ? Why had not the strong confidence in his fidelity which made her ready to smile now at the notion of his preferring any one to herself, come to her in old times, when her mother had made her doubt him ?

Was it that the mention of a real living rival had stung her to keener jealousy than had been called forth by the old grudge against his disinterestedness she had once found bitter ? Had the deeper pain opened her eyes to the true state of her heart at last ? To-night there seemed to be wonderfully little substance in her former complaints against him.

She could not set them up on their feet again, or make them look anything but self-made shadows, which she had permitted to hide the reality of her own feelings from herself, and which now shrank away leaving the truth bare. Anxious fears for Constance mingled with fears about herself, and bit by bit she recalled the days when Constance's fate was being decided upon. The small reasons—the ephemeral bribes—the paltry worldly motives that had been held before her to lure her on to take an empty loveless life—a life from which there was no escape—none—save the one which Alma shuddered to remember *did* actually open upon the road Constance was thoughtlessly treading. That gate, of swift descent, that short cut to hell of which no one had warned her, as possibly lying contiguous to the way they had represented as so safe and sure, so easy for tender feet to travel along.

Alma forcibly wrenched her thoughts away from these dark forebodings, and hoping to bring herself down into an everyday region, she took up the second note, at which she had hardly looked before. The handwriting was familiar, and so was the gorgeous monogram and the seal she proceeded to break open, with a languid curiosity. She had wondered a little at Horace Kirkman's absence from her sister's ball, and been in fact somewhat relieved not to see him, as it left her more at liberty to attend to other guests, and ward off remarks on Constance's preoccupation; and now she prepared herself to read an elaborate apology and expressions of regret she could not by any means echo. The tone of the letter as she glanced through it took her greatly by surprise. Being in a highly wrought mood, she read it with that keen intuition of the unexpressed feeling of the writer which comes sometimes when the sympathies are widely awake. She read Horace Kirkman's thoughts through his imperfect expression of them, and divined how much importance he had attached to phrases that said so little. She had never

felt so complacently towards him as when she came to the closing sentence, and felt with a rush of joy that it opened a way of escape for which a minute ago she had been vaguely longing. She rose and went to her desk without a moment's pause, determined to answer the letter at once; truthfully, she resolved, while the truest words he had ever spoken to her were calling forth an answering impulse towards openness and honesty in her heart. She did not think much of the pain the hasty words she scribbled would certainly give to the person to whom they were addressed. A bitter mood of self contempt had followed her reflections, and the glimpse she had just had of something real and true in Horace's feeling towards her, had opened her eyes to the injustice of the bargain she had been on the point of making. If he could care much for anything beyond pomp and show and worldly success, then she had no right to take him, and the only amends she could make was to put an end to the deception at once. He was too good for her after all, this man whom she had trifled with and despised, a great deal too good for a woman who had been ready to marry him for her own convenience, while she knew that there was not one feeling of honest preference for him in her heart. These were the thoughts that flowed in an under current through Alma's mind while her fingers rapidly wrote sentences that certainly would not carry any impression of her self-humiliation or remorse to the person who was to read them.

"DEAR MR. HORACE KIRKMAN,—I am very sorry to hear that my withdrawal from the pleasure party planned for Thursday week is likely to be a cause of annoyance to your father. You must, however, please to recollect that I did not promise unconditionally. I mentioned when the invitation was given that I might possibly be unable to avail myself of it when the time came. I said this to your father, and

he did not, as it seemed to me, pay any attention to my warning, taking it for granted (as he is apt to do) that everything would naturally arrange itself according to his wishes. I do not, however, mean altogether to excuse myself, for I feel I have been very much to blame during the past three months, in allowing a great deal to be taken for granted by you and your friends, which, according to the terms of our agreement was to be held in abeyance till further acquaintance made us better aware of our mutual wishes. I do not want to try your patience in any way whatever beyond reasonable limits, and I am quite ready, whenever you please, to tell you the result on myself of the three months' experience we have already had. But I warn you that if you ask for it now, it will not justify you in taking for granted, as you say you wish to do, that you and your friends have claims on me to which I am ready to defer all others. I am very far from having arrived at any such conclusion at present, and I am very sorry to hear that you expect it.—Yours sincerely,

“ALMA RIVERS.”

“P.S.—Do not come here till after your day at Hurlingham—I shall not be able to see you.”

The daylight had entered the room through the curtained windows and was making the wax candles on the dressing-table burn with a sickly light when Alma sealed her letter, but it was still early enough for her to be able to move about the house without fear of encountering any body. She felt a feverish desire to put the letter out of her power to recall or alter before any second thoughts came to modify her present mood, so throwing a shawl round her she crept softly down stairs and laid her note on the hall table, where her father always placed over-night the letters he wished to have posted the first thing in the morning. The servants had been trained to punctuality and care in this matter,

and when Alma at last laid her tired head down on her pillow and dropped asleep it was with the thought of a step irrevocably taken, for she knew that her letter would be in the hands for whom she intended it when her maid came a few hours hence with her morning cup of tea, to rouse her, as her father had said, to to-morrow's budget of worries.

Alma had not given a second thought to her father's remarks about the reported trouble in Saville Street. It did not even recur to her mind at once when the portentous length of face her maid presented on drawing her curtains warned her that some unusually tragic piece of news had to be imparted.

“What is it, Anne? You had better tell me at once,” she said. “Which of my valuables have you broken or lost? or which of the household has gone away without giving warning? Nay, you don't mean that it is anything really serious? Where is my father?”

“Gone out, Miss Alma, two hours ago; but he left word that you were not to be disturbed till your usual hour after a ball. He went away with Dr. Urquhart, who called before Sir Francis had left his room. Here's a note for you, Miss, that Sir Francis bade me take up to you with your breakfast.”

Alma seized the twisted sheet of paper and read:—

“My last night's fears have proved only too true. Urquhart has just brought sad news from Saville Street. Your poor Uncle West died suddenly yesterday afternoon, and your aunt is thoroughly knocked down by the shock. I am going now to see what can be done for them, and I think it most likely that I shall have to start this evening for La Roquette to fetch poor little Emmie home to her mother. Can you be ready to go with me? I have had some talk with Urquhart; he does not quite like the last report of your mother's health,

and thinks she ought not to be hurried home or left alone even for a week at La Roquette, so you will be wanted to take Emmie's place immediately. See Constance, and make what arrangements for leaving the house you can; I will be back to talk them over with you as soon as possible."

"Is everybody as selfish as I? or am I actually a monster of heartlessness?" Alma asked herself whenever during the hurry of engagements that filled every hour of the day a pause for thought came, and she tried to understand the state of mind into which this calamity had thrown her. Why could she not be as sympathetically engrossed with the Wests' misfortunes as she saw her father was? Why did other thoughts rush in and make to-night's journey look so like a flight from all the trouble in the world, from all the shams and cares of the world that she could not connect it as closely as she ought with the tragedy that was its real cause? Why could she not keep her heart from bounding with a wild sense of escape and freedom when she thought of her letter to Horace Kirkman, and remembered that it could not be answered or appealed against now, till she had had that glimpse into Paradise, the anticipation of which rose like a golden mist and hid from her the grief she ought to be sharing? It must be terribly selfish to feel thus; but whenever she had time to look down into her heart she found the secret joy there, and it would not be suppressed or denied. To escape self-reproach she occupied every moment, thinking of a dozen things for other people's comfort that might have escaped her in a less energetic mood, even to the purchasing of mourning for herself and her mother, knowing well that the outside show of sympathetic grief would be a first necessity to Lady Rivers, and would be the immediate form in which her feelings for her sister would display themselves.

Sir Francis spent a great part of the morning in Saville Street, and came

back much impressed with the straits to which the West household had evidently been reduced, and with the good sense and courage displayed by Harry and Mildie in the melancholy circumstances that threw so much responsibility into their hands.

"Sensible young things, both of them," he remarked to Alma; "children that a father might, one would think, have been proud of, even if he had made a muddle of everything else he had put his hand to in life. I don't think I should have died of a broken heart, if I had had a son with as much pluck and character as Harry West to stand by me in my misfortunes. We must see more of the lad. I wish any one of your brothers were worth half as much. I begin to suspect I have been something of a fool myself to spend three or four hundred a year a-piece on their education, to turn them out at last a set of useless coxcombs, who will never show me a grain of gratitude as long as I live, when perhaps a little wholesome neglect and hardship might have made Harry Wests of them. There can be no *prima facie* reason why poor old West's sons should be worth more than mine. Circumstances must be to blame for the difference somehow."

"But would you be quite satisfied to have Frank or Gerald made up over again exactly after the West pattern?" objected Alma. "You are seeing the Wests under a halo of pathos just now; but in every-day aspect I doubt your liking to be called old chap, and slapped on the shoulder by a youth who interlards his conversation with as much slang as comes from Harry West in his normal state of spirits."

"Well, I don't know, I think I could put up with even that, to be assured of the amount of right feeling I have had good evidence of in the West lad to-day. I could forgive a little over-familiarity, or—don't be shocked, Alma—a little want of polish, to know that I should be looked at and spoken about after I was dead with the real love and tender reverence

Harry West showed to-day, in speaking of and looking at the father whose folly and stupidity had impoverished him. Well, well, as I said before, there are compensations in all lots, and perhaps we get what we work for fairly enough on the whole. Misfortune drew West and his lad together, and made them friends, while I have been too busy all my life to cultivate much acquaintance with my sons. They look upon me as a convenient sort of machine for making money for them to spend, and I really don't know that I have been anything else to them, except, to be sure, their father, so, perhaps, I have no right to complain after all."

Later on in the evening, when the bustle of the start from the railway station was over, and Sir Francis and Alma found themselves alone in a first-class carriage, Sir Francis recurred to the subject again. Under cover of the dim lamp-light, he favoured Alma with a glimpse into the graver side of his mind, such as he had never shown any one since youthful aspirations and serious questions had been choked out (from expression at least) by what he would have characterised as the *real* business of life.

"Poor old West!" he began, reflectively. "Harry took me up into the room where he was laid out, and I must tell you, Alma, it gave me a greater shock to see him lying there than I should have expected, considering how little we have been to each other of late. He looked much younger than when he was alive; the few hours quiet had turned him into a fine handsome dignified-looking man, such as he used to be when I first knew him and was rather proud of his acquaintance. The expression of his face was as peaceful as if he had not slipped away into the other world, leaving his work undone, and his wife and children burdens on other people's shoulders. I could not help wondering as I stood by him, how it all looks to him now. *What* does he see? for I suppose he sees something, and that the aspect of

affairs is a little different on the other side of the great gulf from what it is to us here. It's wonderful, perhaps, that one goes on thinking so little about that last plunge, and taking so little trouble to find out whether one is exactly on the right tack, and whether, after all, one may not find that all one's toil and struggle and hurry have been given for the wrong things. If so, to have failed, mayn't matter so much as one fancies, and poor West's life, as he looks back upon it, now he is out of the battle, may not be more of an overthrow than a good many other lives that look better from this side. He has kept his wife's love at all events, and got a hold on his son's memory that won't wear out. Who knows but that those possessions may be counted more to his credit out there than all he lost, all we despised him, poor fellow, for losing."

"Papa, you should not talk as if there was no one to love and appreciate you," said Alma, putting out her hand in the darkness and laying it over his.

"Well, no, I don't suppose I meant that; I am not complaining," answered Sir Francis, sinking back into his shell, after the manner of his kind, when the danger of being drawn into talk on absolutely personal topics becomes imminent. "No, my dear. It was a shock, as I said, and sets one thinking, but it does not do to dwell on such subjects too long. Reflections of the kind, seldom have any result in action, one plods on pretty much in the groove one has got into, at my time of life, whatever one says. And, indeed, I shall have enough to think of apart from moralising, if I'm to have, as I plainly perceive I shall, another family on my hands as well as my own. I wonder whether old Kirkman could be wrought up to interest himself about those boys, and push them on in the world for me. You'll have to see about that, Alma, when you get the reins into your hands there. I shall look to you and Horace as valuable coadjutors in my new cares, and luckily

poor West's sons are more likely subjects for Kirkman patronage than any of mine. Little Emmie won't be much of a burden on any one; and, by the way, was there not something about her in your mother's last letter?—a hint about a match for her, was it not?—but, never mind, my dear," as the sudden withdrawal of Alma's hand brought a suspicion that he had stumbled upon a topic not likely to afford Alma pleasant meditations on her night journey. "Never mind, I have talked too long. You had better get a nap while you can, for I foresee a roughish passage, and I'll try if I can't spell out my *Times* by this vile lamp, for I have actually not unfolded it to-day."

Sir Francis stretched out his hands towards some newspapers which his servants had duly strapped up with the railway-rugs, and, lighted upon a paragraph, in which some circumstances affecting the fortunes and reputation of an old rival were commented upon. He was soon as intensely absorbed in his reading as if he had not stood, an hour or two before, half envying the peace of poor Mr. West's death smile.

Alma drew herself as far as she could from him into a corner of the carriage, and turning her face away, thought bitterly of the inconsistencies of the conversation just ended. She had felt very near at heart to her father a few minutes ago; she had begun to long to tell him, that if he liked he might count on having one congenial relation—a son-in-law, if not a son, who had always appreciated him, and who could be reckoned on as a trustworthy companion and friend under any circumstances. Then had come that allusion to the Kirkmans, and she had felt repulsed, driven back into the loneliness to which she had shut herself lately. Her father then, was reckoning just now, after all these reflections, on his share of advantage from the Kirkman El Dorado, to which she held the key! She knew he would be kind and just to her, when she spoke to him about that

letter to Horace Kirkman, which seemed to have been written years ago, instead of this morning, but she saw also that she should have to bear the weight of his disappointment, as well as of that despair of her mother, on which she thought more and more ruefully through every hour of the long journey.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FEY.

WYNARD had lent Emmie the second volume of Laing's *Sea Kings of Norway*, and on the day when Sir Francis Rivers and Alma were speeding on their way to La Roquette, Emmie took the book out into the garden and settled herself under the hedge of roses for a thorough enjoyment of it, while Lady Rivers slept through the hottest hours of the afternoon. She was busy with St. Olaf's history, which the owner of the book had recommended to her special attention. Whether owing to that fact or to the charms of Old Snorro's style, she became so absorbed in following the early vicissitudes of the Saint's career, that she forgot all about her present surroundings. She let the sweet rose scents float past her unheeded, and even left off listening for sounds of wheels approaching from the bottom of the hill, of which her ear had been expectant the whole afternoon. Just at the most thrilling part of the narrative, however, when she was reading the account of St. Olaf's night march to Sticklestadt, and had got to the point where, seeing the morning mist roll away and disclose his foes, the Saint burst out into song, and his comrade, startled at the joyousness on the hero's face, interrupts him with the cry, "You are fey, king;" something seemed to call her back out of the story and into herself and the present moment again. She stooped down, gathered one of a cluster of open-eyed Stars of Bethlehem that had been meekly lifting their milk-white faces to her from among the

grass at her feet, laid the spray upon the open page to mark the sentence at which she had paused, and, closing the volume, rested her elbows on it and began to think. Years and years afterwards Emmie came unexpectedly upon the crushed white flower on that page again, and lifting it up noticed with a strange thrill of emotion how the Norse hero's saying had been stained green by the juice of the Star of Bethlehem's thick stalk crushed upon it; and remembering the bright afternoon, and all that went before and came after, she had her interest in the end of St. Olaf's story quenched a second time, though she had been reading it aloud to a pair of young auditors whose pleasure in Sagas was keener than her own had ever been. Her thoughts on this occasion soon disengaged themselves from St. Olaf. She wondered for a little while whether it was true that people were very happy just before a great trouble came upon them, and thought she had rather not know just now whether St. Olaf's triumphant outburst of song was a preface to defeat or victory. Perhaps he won the day at Sticklestadt and reigned peacefully over a united country for the rest of his life after he saw the sun break so gloriously through that northern mist.

Emmie had no uncomfortable knowledge of history that forbade her pleasing herself with such a supposition, and then she glanced back through her own life to see if she could remember ever having been "fey" herself, and with what results. Before she had come to any conclusion her ear was caught by a sound of voices approaching her from the path that wound along the hillside. Madame, then, had left her carriage at the foot of the ascent, and was walking to the house by a circuitous path through the fields for the sake, no doubt, of inspecting her vineyards and ascertaining whether the farm boys had done their last week's work of weeding properly.

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Emmie did not think it necessary to move from her shelter just yet. Madame was apt to stand about a long time looking at her vines and holding forth on the best methods of treatment, and her present companion, Mr. Anstice, was only too ready to seize on the first pretext that came in his way to escape the details. It would not be well for her to give him such an excuse by showing herself too soon, and though the voices grew nearer and nearer and were quite audible at last, being, indeed, divided from her only by the rose hedge, there was nothing in the nature of the conversation to oblige her to make her presence known. It seemed to be altogether about business, and for the first sentence or two was hardly intelligible. Now they are walking up and down on the other side of the hedge, and their voices have a charm for Emmie though it is still only of the property they are speaking. Madame has evidently been pointing out the extent of her territory to her companion. This field and that sunny vineyard on the top of the hill; the plot of flax down in the valley; the field sown with lucerne by the river; all that long southern slope of olive trees beyond the pine-wood, sheltered from the wind and sunned all the year round by the mid-day sun.

"A good property," Madame is saying, "though insignificant according to English notions of an estate. Yet a good property."

Here she stands still, and, as Emmie guesses, puts a hand on her companion's arm to arrest his attention, which no doubt had been wandering a little.

"Yes, a good property, and purchased, as I think I have told you once before, Wynyard, with money your uncle paid over to me on my father's death. I never quite believed that I was legally entitled to it, for I had always understood that my father had given me all he had it in his power to give on my marriage, but your uncle insisted, and I confess that

at the time the comfort of having a considerable sum of money in my own hands to use as I liked (for the Count, to do him justice, made no claim on this unexpected legacy) was so great, that I had not the heart to remonstrate very energetically. My cousin was rich enough to be generous to his old love, I thought; and I had a scheme for his happiness in my mind at that moment which would, I thought, overpay him for all I had cost him. When that hope failed utterly, I began to look on my little hill-side farm as a property which I held in trust, rather than owned to do as I liked with, and I made up my mind that it should never go to my son with the lands belonging to the Château. I have done my best for him with those, and it is owing to my good management that they are still unalienated and worth something. These few fields and my English farm-house, as I call it, I have always intended to leave to whichever of my cousin's nephews came in for the smallest share of his wealth; and I don't deny, Wynyard, that when the news of your disinheritance came, the shock was something softened to me by the thought that I had this shred of what once was his in my power, and that I could make up for his injustice to a small extent by choosing you to be the one to come after me here. You won't despise your inheritance because it is such a mere handful in comparison to the one you lost?"

"My dear cousin, how can you ask such a question of a landless man? You are a great deal too good to me, and I wonder you don't perceive that I am already standing several inches higher in my shoes as the notion of becoming a landed proprietor one day dawns upon me. But it will be a very distant day I hope, and we need not talk on the melancholy subject of inheritance this glorious afternoon, need we? I assure you I can be deeply interested in the size of those wonderful clusters of vine-blossom you began by pointing out to

me, without any greedy thought of owning the miracle of a vineyard that produces them by-and-by. Let us enjoy ourselves in the sunshine; why trouble our heads at all about the future just now?"

"But it is not precisely of the future I am thinking at this moment, Wynyard. I have a reason for speaking on this matter to-day, probably the last occasion when we shall be quite alone together before we start on the journey in the course of which you are to leave me. I am very lonely in my life here, and as I grow old I cling more and more to old associations and old friends; and I have been thinking lately that if you should marry soon and choose a girl of whom I could become fond—we will not commit ourselves to names, but you know my taste—some one, not of the great world, but well-bred and prettily mannered, who could make herself happy in simple ways with simple people: then I should like you to look upon this place as actually your own from the date of your marriage. A provision that you might settle on your wife, and a home always ready for you to come and rest in when your business gives you a little leisure. English girls are fastidious, I know, and averse to solitude, but I do not think it would be impossible to find one unspoiled enough to love this quiet place, and be content to spend a portion of her life near me here."

"Not impossible," Wynyard answered, with a ring of amusement in his voice which told Emmie that he was smiling inwardly at his companion's diplomacy, but taking it in good part all the same. "Not impossible; but my dear Madame de Florimel, we won't discuss the pleasant possibility at this moment, grateful as I am to you for such generous purposes towards me. We might be led on to mentioning names, you know, if we talked any more, and that would be an impertinence, since I have nothing at present to tell you except that I have no intention of ever

marrying a woman of the great world, and that I am quite as much awake to the merits of a love for La Roquette as you yourself are. We had better go back to the grape clusters, I think. There is a monstrously fine trailing shoot down here. Shall we go and examine into the promise of it?"

"Leaves, my dear Wynyard, leaves that want pruning: you will never be much of a gardener, I am afraid."

The steps moved on further down the hill, and Emmie, who for the last moment or two had been crouching with her head on her book in a horror of drawing attention to herself, and yet in an agony of embarrassment at what she was overhearing, sprang up and fled towards the house. Her limbs were trembling and her cheeks tingling when she reached the shelter of her own room, and could begin to get herself ready to meet face to face the speakers of that talk she had begun to listen to so unsuspiciously and now felt so guilty for having overheard. Names indeed! Oh, if her name had been spoken, Emmie thought she must have packed up her clothes and rushed straight back to her mother, without even looking again into Madame de Florimel's face, or meeting those other eyes, whose half-playful, half-tender expression while those sentences were being exchanged, she could picture to herself so well. Perhaps she ought not to repeat them even to her own heart, as they were not meant for her hearing. Yet after a moment or two, when Emmie's breath had come back, and she had cooled her cheeks with the flap of her garden hat, words and tones would return to her memory making her heart beat quickly and her cheeks burn again. It was impossible not to be quite sure that both the speakers were thinking about her, and that hers was the name that was to be understood, and not spoken. "Poor Alma!" Emmie whispered to herself. "She was the woman of the 'great' world who could not be happy at La Roquette

whom Wynyard had in his mind when his voice sharpened for a moment. She had shut the gates of that Paradise against herself. "I am quite as much awake to the merits of a love for La Roquette as you can be." Emmie covered her face with the flap of her hat in a glow of shame at having overheard *that* in the tone of meaning in which it had been spoken, before such strange wonderful news was meant for her ears; but when she raised her head again, it was with a sense of dignity resting upon it, as if, while realising all that sentence implied, a garland of honour had noiselessly floated down, crowning her head with approval so dear, ah, so dear, so beyond all expectation and hope, that it must be a defence against every other trouble or sorrow for the rest of her life.

The sound of Madame de Florimel's high-pitched voice asking for Lady Rivers at the open front door woke her up to an immediate trouble however. She must make up her mind to come out of hiding at once, for it would never do to allow Aunt Rivers to be caught napping by Madame la Comtesse, more especially to-day, when the visit had been announced beforehand, and was made for the express purpose of consultation on arrangements for the journey to Clelles, which was now definitely fixed for the end of that week.

The Château party however had had a second motive for their drive up the hill that afternoon. Wynyard began to explain this to Emmie as soon as the two elder ladies had comfortably dropped into a discussion on the utmost possible amount of baggage that could be packed into a carriage.

The families of Madelon and Antoine had come to an understanding immediately after Madame's *fête*, and now the marriage was to be hurried on in order that Madame de Florimel and her guest might be present at the wedding. Antoine, with many apologies for his presumption, had come that morning to remind Wynyard of a

half promise made on the evening of the dance, that he, and the young English lady who had so distinguished Madelon by her friendship, would accompany the bride and bridegroom when, according to village custom, they went the round of the neighbourhood together to dispense invitations to the wedding. Madelon had been to the farm that morning to beg the same favour of Emmie, and had engaged her to be at the Orange-tree House by five o'clock; but Emmie had not, as yet, ventured to request leave of absence from her aunt, fearing she would frown about the plan.

While Emmie was hesitating and deprecating Wynyard's interference with frightened, anxious glances towards Lady Rivers, such as always roused his indignation afresh against his old enemy, the matter was skilfully taken up by Madame de Florimel, who put refusal out of the question by insinuating that Emmie would oblige her by paying this compliment to her favourite, and at the same time set her at liberty to spend an hour or two with Lady Rivers, "of whom I have seen too little, lately," she added diplomatically.

"Yes, yes, my child," Madame went on, turning a beaming face of encouragement and approval on Emmie. "I know you will undertake this little duty for me while I take your place with your aunt. We shall find plenty to talk about, and she has given me leave to speak to her good Ward about the packing of her things for the mountain journey. All that cannot be done in a moment. Run away, and get ready that you may not keep our friends at the Orange-tree House waiting. The sun is hot still, but you will be in the valley during the first part of your walk, and you need not hurry home. I will take care of your aunt, and I shall not mind waiting till the cool of the evening for my drive back to the Château."

Rather to Wynyard's surprise, for he had been in a very talkative mood till the walk began, a spell of silence

fell upon him and his companion when they had passed the rose hedge and had begun the descent of the hill—where Emmie insisted on choosing the most direct of the many paths between the vineyards, instead of taking the winding, shady road through the pine wood. It was not shyness exactly that kept Emmie silent, and led her to avoid the dim solitude of the bosquet; she was too happy to be shy, but a slight chill of fear had come over her at the sight of the rose hedge, and her full enjoyment of her afternoon holiday was just dashed with a touch of awe and shy reserve. When Wynyard every now and then in the steep descent, held out a hand to help her over a projecting stone, or one of the many little water-courses that divided the plots of ground on the hill-side from each other; he was struck with something new in her face; a fresh expression, dignified and yet soft, through which a lovely light of tremulous restrained joy played in a half smile now and again.

Perhaps every one has a culminating moment of beauty in their lives, when their best self looks forth and shows the ideal of perfection and glory hereafter to be reached. Emmie's moment of ideal beauty came that afternoon, when for an hour or two the bright, frank hopefulness of youth, and the dawning tenderness of womanhood met and crowned her with their opposite charms; for an hour or two before, the strength of the one quenched the other.

When they had reached the bottom of the hill, Wynyard had no excuse for turning round and looking in the face, whose strange sweetness had set him wondering. He roused himself therefore to begin a conversation—and once the spell of silence was broken, they found plenty to say—one topic of conversation seemed as fruitful as another that afternoon. Everything, the bluets in the river; the green lizard that started up under their feet, and lost itself in the lucerne; the tall flowering asphodel, whose name Emmie had never heard before—all these

subjects as they presented themselves, one after the other, proved to have a peculiar interest that afternoon, and would have served, as it seemed, to talk about for ever. It could not be that Emmie said anything very well worth listening to about them, or that Wynyard was unusually eloquent, except, perhaps, about the asphodel, which naturally enough, had poetical associations; but every sentence, every question and answer, still more the smiles that sometimes did for answers, brought the two speakers further and further out of themselves into a fuller consciousness of delight in each other's presence, and into an existence a little outside the every-day world in which, perhaps, for the time being they were both "fey." There was a little bit of climbing again before they got to the Orange-tree House, and Emmie's hands were full of bluets and asphodel, so that she wanted more help along the broken path than usual. Wynyard holding one of her little hands the greater part of the way, wondered whether she would look in Saville Street as she did now, and if so, whether he had not been rather hasty in deciding that all strong emotion in life for him ended with the withering of his love for Alma. Could there be anything better, or sweeter in the world than a fresh May rose, and what expression of indignation would be strong enough for the churlish heart that should sullenly shut itself against its rare perfume?

The bridal pair in the Orange-tree House had been waiting some time for their principal supporters to join the procession, when Emmie and Wynyard appeared: and for the remainder of the afternoon these two found themselves taking part in a village pageant—which was pretty enough in itself to make it something to remember for all the rest of a prosaic town life—if there had been nothing else to stamp the scene upon the memory. To Emmie the march of that bridal procession up hill, through valley and hamlet in the golden sunset, and the softening grey

gloom that gathered afterwards, was always a walk quite by itself, fenced off from everything else in her life, a passage through an enchanted land, which dropped out of existence at the end of the evening, and could never be found again—never. It was not only the sunset glory lying on the hills, and the spicy perfume of the flower-fields they passed between that lifted Emmie so far out of her ordinary self, nor the little bursts of song in which the party indulged now and again as they climbed a steep to a group of woodcutters' huts among the pines, or wound down to a solitary house from which, perhaps, a band of young people would troop out to meet them, returning their song, or shouting with joy and congratulation: it was not the general beauty and joyousness, of that moment only she felt; there was a mingling in her memory of Eastern story and sacred parable, of descriptions dimly realised in her childhood—of brides carried with song to their homes, and virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom—which added the heightening touch of poetic elevation, an indefinite sense of awe and mystery to her mood.

The sun had quite set when they reached La Roquette, and the party made a halt on the open space before the church, to arrange their next proceedings. Antoine and Madelon, with their young friends, were invited to spend the evening at the house of an uncle of Antoine's who lived in the village, where the elders of their families were to join them, and a preliminary bridal feast to be held; but Emmie when she was urgently pressed to be of the party, hesitated. The suggestion roused her to a recollection of the passing of time, and she looked rather anxiously, first at the sky and then at Wynyard, and asked him how they were to get back to the maisonette—before Madame de Florimel was quite tired of waiting for them. After some consultation, she and Wynyard agreed to take leave of their companions here, and cross

the road to the Château, where Joseph Marie might be persuaded to find a vehicle that would take them quickly up the hill; and as Madelon and Antoine had still to call at the priest's house, where the most important invitation of all had to be given—the adieux and thanks were less lengthy than might have been expected. The priest lived beyond the school-house, at the bottom of a little street that sloped to the edge of the river on the further side of the hill, and Emmie and Wynyard stood still under the church porch for a minute or two watching their friends, till the windings of the path hid them; then Wynyard looked at Emmie and smiled—

"How long is it," he asked, "since you and I talked over the first act of this little drama so nearly at its finis to-day? No, don't answer me. I don't want to count the weeks. It is a very short time for a love-story to have reached its climax in, but it is a long time for a holiday to have lasted, for every day of which we shall have to pay interest by and by. We won't even calculate how many days have passed since we stood here and were secret witnesses to the promise that is to be fulfilled in a few days."

"I don't think it is long," said Emmie, "even for a holiday. It seems to me only a day or two."

"The seasons won't let us say quite that," answered Wynyard. "The year marches on, and thrusts the lapse of time in our faces, however hard one tries to forget it. Don't you remember how pink with bloom these quince trees were when we stood under them on Madame's *fête* day? and now they have nothing to show but a few over-blown blossoms and crude green leaves that set one's teeth on edge. Stay, though, here is one out-of-time spray full of fresh flowers still on the shady side of this tree, pinker than a quince blossom has any right to be, as pink as a May rose," lifting up an overhanging bough as he spoke, and showing a little tuft of blossom hidden underneath.

"Might I gather it, I wonder?" said Emmie.

"It looks as if it belonged to you, but let me reach it. There!" stretching out his hand and plucking the cluster of blooms. Then, just as he was going to put it into her outstretched hand, he drew it back again and said, quickly, "By the way, do you happen to know what a bit of quince blossom used to mean long ago?"

"No," said Emmie, looking up into his face, and seeing with surprise the sudden rush of colour and emotion that crossed it. "No, I don't know anything about quince blossoms, but I should like to have that little spray you have gathered for me."

"So you shall in a minute, when I have told you what I am thinking of. I just remembered having read somewhere that it was a custom in Greece for a man to send a ripe quince to a girl when he was courting her in marriage, a better way than asking her in words, was it not? And as ripe quinces cannot be had at every season of the year, and love is not always full-blown, I was wondering whether quince blossoms might not have a meaning of their own when they are gathered for a person. What do you say to this one, which I really think must have hidden itself and refused to blow at the right time that we might find it here to-night. Will you have it?"

"It—it is very pretty, and I should like to have it very much," said Emmie, holding out her hand.

As Wynyard put the spray between her fingers his lips said, "Thank you," in a most common-place way, but his eyes spoke a deeper gratitude, while Emmie quickly turned hers away, too shy, and at the same time too glad, to let them be looked into for more than a second, finding, too, that the pink spray in her hand was the safest thing to contemplate just then. Its cool, fresh, pink and white blossoms had almost as much rest and congratulation and promise in them as a mother's or sister's face might have had if

such a one had been near to turn towards.

They turned and walked in the direction of the "Place" in silence, and Wynyard had time both to wonder at the imprudence of his speech made under the sudden impulse of a recollection, and to congratulate himself on the great throb of joy that the remembrance of having so spoken brought with it. There was no misunderstanding that; and if this was the *real thing*, why should he look back to question or blame the impulse that had led him beyond his present intention, and shown the true state of his heart.

As they drew near the Château, where their *tête-à-tête* would be interrupted, he began to long for another full look into Emmie's eyes. In that startled moment of meeting his as he gave her the flower, they had revealed a depth of tenderness and shy joy such as he had never even imagined could shine upon him from Alma's.

To make her turn her face comfortably towards him, he began to speak on quite another topic.

"I want to consult you, before we part, about the best time and way to make our little offering to the bride. I have it ready, and I had intended to ask you to present it this evening, but as you will be sure to see Madelon again before the wedding, you may as well take charge of it now, and give it when you two are alone. Madame de Florimel told me our present should be something that the bride could always wear, and as I had to send to Paris for it I ordered a strong guard-ring; the sensible people here preferring, I understand, solid ornaments to finery. What do you think of it? It may, perhaps, be a little thick and clumsy, but it will have to take part in a good deal of rough work on Madelon's finger; and I want it to last till that time we talked about, when Antoine and Madelon are to tell their grandchildren the story of the grocer's defeat on Madame's *fête* day in our hearing."

He made a mistake in saying *that* if

he wanted Emmie to look at him, for the reference to their talk on Madame's birthday brought another rush of colour, and instead of looking up she busied herself in unfolding the paper parcel Wynyard handed to her, and in examining the ring, a solid hoop of gold joined in the middle by two hands clasping each other, each with a circlet of rubies at the wrist.

"But won't you give it to her yourself?" said Emmie, when she had turned it round and praised it. "I had thought of a little present, too. This Cairngorm brooch which I pinned into my neckerchief to-day meaning to take it out and give it to Madelon if a good opportunity offered. Old Mrs. Urquhart gave it me when I left home, but I don't think she would mind my parting with it if I told her all the circumstances. You think it very ugly, I'm afraid; hardly worth giving."

"No, indeed; I was only thinking I did not believe it had ever pinned a bunch of Stars of Bethlehem into a neckerchief so daintily before. It's a splendid brooch—for old Mrs. Urquhart or for Madelon. Do as you think best about giving it, but I hope you will present the ring as well. I particularly wish *that* to be a joint offering from the conspirators who circumvented the grocer. It will be worth nothing unless it passes through your hands."

Emmie promised that Madelon should have the ring before the wedding day, and by the time that matter was settled they were at the gates of the Château, and Wynyard left Emmie to rest under the magnolias while he found Joseph Maire, and persuaded him to let them have a conveyance of some kind to take them up the hill.

Emmie found a seat under one of the trees overlooking the Place, and was not sorry to be alone for a little while. The perfect day had faded now into a lovely, still, windless evening, and the "Place" and the village street were very quiet and empty, more so than usual. The busy people were

still at work in the fields, and the women and school children who, at another hour would have been knitting at their doors or playing under the chestnuts, were just now assembled in the church, singing the hymns to Mary, which wound up the business of the day at La Roquette. Only a stray figure crossed the plane of her vision now and then. A girl coming from one of the flower-fields with a basket of roses on her head, a boy driving a flock of sheep towards the mountain from their pasture by the river, where they had been feeding all day, a mulet laden with refuse from the vineyards crossing the bridge and making all the little bells on its neck tingle musically at every step. At the time Emmie hardly knew that these sights which had now lost all strangeness for her, made any impression on her senses; she scarcely noticed them, but afterwards she recalled each one vividly and jealously, painting them in a glory borrowed from her own thoughts as she sat waiting for Wynyard's return. A rapturous calm, born of certainty, of content, following upon the startled joy of the preceding moment, possessed her during that little space of time, and caused the objects associated with it to remain for ever in her memory like scenes from another world. The bridge was empty for a minute after the disappearance of the mulet, but now the people began to flock out of church towards it; children shouting and running, old women hobbling on crutches. M. le Curé, in shovel hat and cassock, slowly emerges from the porch and takes the road to the bridge, instead of turning towards his own house. Madelon will wait a little while longer, Emmie thinks, if he is disposed for a walk in the Place before he goes home; and then her attention is distracted from M. le Curé. A vehicle, not a charette, but a covered travelling carriage, appears at the turn of the road close to the bridge, and the children, nay, the grown-up people, M. le Curé himself, draw up in a little crowd on the side

path to get a good look at it, and into it as it crosses the bridge. Travelling carriages bearing tourists to the mountains are common enough in the summer, but it is hardly the season for them yet, and the four horses attached to this one have an air about them as if they had been driven a considerable distance in great haste. Emmie half smiles at herself for being infected by the general curiosity, and for thinking that she, too, will take a hasty glance into the travelling carriage as it passes the Place. Perhaps there is a bridal pair inside as happy as that expectant one who are now peeping out from the Curé's door to watch for his return.

The speed of the carriage slackens now that it has passed the bridge, the driver appears to be pulling up to ask his way. What a lucky chance for all the people. M. le Curé steps forward to give the information required, and a head is thrust out from the carriage window to question him further. For a moment Emmie's eyes refuse to convey an intelligible impression to her brain. It must be an illusion; but now another of her stunned senses is assailed, and she hears Uncle Rivers's voice asking in English-French the way to the Farm house on the hill, where two English ladies are living; and another face, Alma's face, pale and grave, appears behind his putting the same question in more intelligible language.

At the first moment, as Emmie remembered with keen remorse afterwards, she did not think about home; no fear even for her mother assailed her. Her heart died down into a lump of lead in her bosom, but it was at the sight of Alma's face. That beautiful, proud face before which she herself seemed to fade into nothing, in presence of which, as it appeared just then to Emmie, her own poor little evanescent dream of joy must shrivel up and wither quite away. What would it cost Alma to take it all up and with a word or a look crush out its life?

After all, it was but for an instant.

Emmie heard her own name called from the carriage before she had really had time for more than one thought about herself, and as she sprang up and hurried towards her uncle, something in his face awoke a fear that swallowed up all other thoughts. Uncle Rivers would not look at her like that unless he had some very bad news from Saville Street to tell her. Sir Francis sprang from the carriage and took her in his arms when they met.

"Mamma, is it mamma?—oh, not mamma!" she whispered into his kind sympathising face.

"No, not that, not that, my poor, dear child," he said, trying to make his voice as reassuring as he could. "But how fortunate that we should meet you here; we were hoping to get hold of you first to have a little quiet talk without alarming your aunt suddenly. Get into the carriage, my dear. No, I am speaking the truth; your mother is in no danger, but—there has been illness. She wants you, and I have come to fetch you. You shall hear all as soon as you are in the carriage, my dear."

Alma had descended into the road after her father, and when Emmie lifted her head from her uncle's shoulder, where it had sunk for a moment, Wynyard had come out of the Château, and was standing still in amazement, looking at the group by the carriage—no, it was on Alma's tall figure that his eyes were fixed, and his face wore a startled, almost dismayed expression, noticed by both Alma and Emmie even then. He came up to the carriage before it started, and spoke to Sir Francis, but Emmie threw herself far back in the carriage, and covered her face and her ears with

her hands, dreading to hear the answer to his question, refusing to herself to look at him while he heard, for fear of knowing too soon. When the carriage had gone a little way down the road, however, a sudden fear of never seeing the Château again seized her.

If her mother wanted her she must start on her return journey at once, that night, and she should most likely never see La Roquette again in the daylight as long as she lived. Rather to her uncle's and Alma's surprise, she jumped up and looked out of the carriage window, craning her neck to get an extended view. Wynyard was still standing at the Château gate, and he waved his hand, surprised also to get another glimpse of her little white face; but it was not his figure, his last look after her, that Emmie saw and tried to fix in her memory. Alma, from her side of the carriage, might be looking too. It was the twilight scene they were leaving behind she gazed at, till the carriage reached the curve of the hill. The grey Château, the dark green magnolia trees; the village street, where the children stood in groups staring after the carriage; the winding river with its tall canes, and old stone bridge; and the red church among the quinces and olives, crowning the eminence beyond—"The place where I have been happy"—Emmie said to herself, with a great foreboding cry of her heart, as it lessened and lessened in the distance.

"And now, uncle," she whispered, sinking back into her seat, when they had passed the curve of the hill—"Tell me why it is that mamma wants me, I should like to know at once."

To be continued.

JANNINA—GREEK OR TURKISH?

RECENT telegrams from Athens have more than once announced the fact that deputations of Epirotes have assembled in front of King George's palace, demanding that the cession of Jánnina to Greece shall be insisted upon. As the name is an unfamiliar one to the general public, and yet possesses no little interest, the present may perhaps be a fitting opportunity for briefly stating the relation in which Jánnina stands to the present Greek kingdom; that is, what its history has been, and how far it can fairly lay claim to a union with Greece. The part of Epirus to which it belongs was included in the new frontier recommended at the Berlin Congress. But the Turks have lately shown themselves restive on this point.

And first as to its position. Jánnina, or, as it was formerly called, Joánnina, stands in a valley of Epirus (or Southern Albania), 1,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by lofty mountains, and on the western shore of a fine lake. A line drawn almost straight inland from the Albanian coast opposite to Corfu would reach Jánnina after traversing several other valleys running parallel to the coast, the distance being about fifty miles. On the east rises Mount Mitzikéli, celebrated for its abrupt steepness and rugged majesty. Behind this, in the north-east, is seen the Pindus range, covered with snow. On the west, the valley is guarded by the lower ridge of Mount Olytzika, the first of a series of heights sloping down gradually to the Adriatic. Many writers have celebrated the natural beauties of Jánnina, including Lord Broughton, Sir Henry Holland, Rev. T. S. Hughes, Col. Leake, Lady Strangford, and others. Let one

description, by a traveller approaching from the south, suffice:—

"Knowing our vicinity to Joánnina, we were now impatient to obtain the first view of that city, which is long concealed from the eye by the low eminences traversing the plain.¹ At length, when little more than two miles distant, the whole view opened suddenly before us; a magnificent scene, and one that is still almost single in my recollection. A large lake spreads its waters along the base of a lofty and precipitous mountain which forms the first ridge of Pindus on this side, and which, as I had afterwards reason to believe, attains an elevation of more than 2,500 feet above the level of the plain. Opposed to the highest summit of this mountain, and to a small island which lies at its base, a peninsula stretches forward to the lake from its western shore, terminated by a perpendicular face of rock. This peninsula forms the fortress of Joánnina; a lofty wall is its barrier on the land side; the waters which lie around its outer cliffs reflect from their surface the irregular yet splendid outline of a Turkish seraglio, and the domes and minarets of two Turkish mosques, environed by ancient cypresses. The eye, receding backwards from the fortress of the peninsula, reposes upon the whole extent of the city as it stretches along the western borders of the lake. Repose, indeed, it may not unfitly be called, since both the reality and fancy combine in giving to the scenery the character of a vast and beautiful picture spread out before the sight."²

By a later writer it is called "at once the fortress and the granary of Epirus."³

So much then for the natural aspect of Jánnina; let us now glance at its history. The absence of any sign of its existence in classical antiquity has been accounted for by the supposition that the lake, the upper part of which

¹ Compare Byron, *Childe Harold*, ii. 52.

"Unseen is Jánnina, though not remote,
Veiled by the screen of hills."

² Holland's *Travels in the Ionian Isles*, p. 94 (1815).

³ *Itinéraire de l'Orient. Grèce et Turquie d'Europe*, par Émile Isambert (Hachette's Guide-Joanne), 1873.

even now is, usually, little more than a marsh, was two thousand years ago no lake at all. But though no ancient city could be identified with the spot, tradition long connected it with Dodona, the seat of the famous oracle of Zeus, dating back, even in Homer's estimation, to the hoarest antiquity, and the very cradle of Greek civilisation. Even so experienced an observer as Col. Leake came to the conclusion, after long examination of the spot, that here Dodona had stood, and that Mount Mitzikéli was to be identified with the Mount Tamoros of antiquity. Now, however, this notion must be finally given up, the researches of M. Karapanos having two years ago laid bare the actual site of Dodona, at Dramisus, in the adjoining valley of Tcharcovista, some six miles south-west of Jánnina.¹ Jánnina, then, cannot be associated directly either with old Greek history or legend; but it may be noted that if the new frontier of the Greek kingdom excludes Jánnina, it will also exclude the actual site of Dodona, there being no possible *raison d'être* for a line drawn between the two places.

The fact is that the foundation of the city is nowhere recorded, though from various references in the Byzantine historians, it seems probable that the site was occupied in the early days of that empire. We hear of a bishop suffragan of Jánnina in 673, and another is mentioned as taking part in the Council of Constantinople in 879. But the first actual mention of the city is made by Anna Comnena, who records its occupation in 1082 by Bohemond, son of the famous Robert Guiscard, who refortified the citadel, then in a state of dilapidation (*ἐπισφαλές*), and defeated under its walls the imperial forces, led by

Alexius Comnenus, uncle of the historian. From the time of this Norman inroad Jánnina disappears from history till the capture of Constantinople by the Franks (1204), and the consequent foundation of the "despotate" of Epirus, or of the West, by Michael Angelos, a natural son of Constantine Angelos, who having married a daughter of the Governor of Durazzo, quickly subdued and united under his sway Epirus, Acarnania, and Ætolia, with the strong cities of Jánnina, Arta, and Naupactus.² Finlay, in the volume of his history which treats of mediæval Greece, has given some account of the character of this rule, and of the general condition of Epirus at the time. The Greeks, whom he describes as wealthy and prosperous, both as merchants and as large proprietors of land, were confined generally to the towns, and formed the most solid element of the population as they do to this day. The Wallachians in the north-east, and the Albanian mountaineers, still half-barbarians, were kept in submission by an army of mercenaries. The despots all assumed the title of Angelos Komnenos Ducas, but very little is heard about them except their wars and alliances with the Byzantine Emperors and the Latin Princes. Thomas, the last in direct line, was murdered in 1318, and a succession of similar assassinations left the throne in charge of Anne, daughter of Andronicus Palæologus, who held it for her son Nicephorus II. Epirus was invaded and conquered in 1337 by the Emperor Andronicus III. But he was not long in possession, for in 1350 the whole country was overrun by Stephen Dushan, King of Servia, who made himself master of Epirus and great part of Thessaly. In fact, to quote the words of Finlay—"The history of Epirus after its conquest by Stephen becomes mixed up with the wars of the Servians, Albanians, Franks, and

¹ It is a curious fact that Col. Leake accurately describes these very ruins of Dramisus without the least suspicion of their identity with Dodona. His plan of the site corresponds minutely, so far as it goes, with that of M. Karapanos. See *Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 266.

² See various references to Byzantine historians in Hughes's *Travels in Albania*, vol. ii. p. 11.

Greeks in the neighbouring provinces until the whole fell into the hands of the Turks¹ under Amurath II., in 1431, not, however, until they had been twice gallantly repulsed. The Ottomans in Jánnina were at first not much more than 200, but they soon multiplied. Still, thanks to privileges secured at their conquest, the citizens managed to avoid for nearly two centuries the continual wars which raged in this part of the world between Venetians and Turks. In 1612, however, a rash insurrection got up by a wandering fanatic, Dionysius, known as the Dog-sophist, gave the conquerors an excuse for strong measures to stifle it, and Jánnina was put on the same footing as that of other conquered towns.

Meanwhile, with the increase of the Ottoman population, numerous conversions, and especially the enforced enrolment of Greek children among the Janissaries of the Porte, led to the strengthening of the Mussulman element at the expense of the Christian. And in 1635 this movement was still further advanced by an incident which, though in itself creditable to the Epirotes, was otherwise interpreted by their superiors. The Christians of Epirus had retained the privilege of drawing revenues from certain lands, on condition of serving when called upon in the ranks of the Ottoman cavalry. The holders of these lands were called Spahis. In 1634 the Sultan Amurath V. was engaged in a fight with the Persians, and when the latter were getting the better of the Ottoman troops a sudden charge on the part of the Epirote Spahis changed the threatened rout into a brilliant victory. This circumstance led the Sultan to reflect on the dan-

gers of such valour if directed against himself, and a decree was issued withdrawing the privileges of Spahis from all but Mussulmans, which meant to these unfortunate people ruin or conversion. We can hardly wonder that under such circumstances, they chose the latter course.

In 1675 Jánnina was visited by the first European travellers, Spon and Wheler, who describe it as a larger town than Arta, and inhabited by rich Greek merchants. Sir Henry Holland, in 1812, mentions that one particular school had been founded 130 years before. We may conclude, therefore, that about the time which we have now reached sprang up that enlightened interest in Greek culture which has ever since distinguished Jánnina.² That any germ of learning should have found sustenance in Greece at a time when the whole country was in the lowest state of degradation says much for the soil whence it sprung, and may well explain the present anxiety of the Greeks that men who have deserved so well of their country as the citizens of Jánnina have should be allowed to share in the freedom from foreign domination which the kingdom of Greece enjoys.

It will not be necessary here to touch, except briefly, upon the remarkable career of Ali, Pasha of Jánnina, whose fame it was doubtless that attracted so many European travellers to that city at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century.

² This view is held by M. Paparrigopoule, the native historian of Hellenic civilisation, who after describing the renaissance of public instruction in the seventeenth century as largely due to the generosity of the Greek communities at Venice and elsewhere, says—“Janina especially became a veritable nursery of *didaskali*, who in their turn were placed successively at the head of other schools in the Peloponnese, continental Greece, Thessaly, Macedonia, Chios, &c. Such were Eugène Boulgaris, Nicophorus Theotoki, John Dimitriades, Athanasius Psallida, Lambros Photiadis, Constantine Economos, George Genadios, and others, whose names at this period sounded from one end to the other of the Hellenic East.”

¹ Finlay's *History of Greece* (new edition, 1877), vol. iv. pp. 121, *seq.* The chief authority for the history of Jánnina at this time is an anonymous MS. history found by Pougueville (French consul at Jánnina about 1790) in the famous monastery of Meteora in Thessaly. This and another of later date are given in an appendix to vol. iv. of Leake's *Northern Greece*.

An Albanian by descent, but born in the service of the Porte, he worked his way up till he had not only acquired possession of the pashalik of South Albania, with Jánnina for his capital, but had also extended it till it included the greater part of Thessaly, and all Western Greece. He has been described as a rebel against the Turk, a tyrant towards the Greek, a cruel oppressor of Christian and Moslem alike, though it is probable that, as showing how the Turkish power could be resisted, he did some service to the Greek cause. "His ability was displayed," says Finlay, "in subduing the Albanians, cheating the Ottoman government, and ruling the Greeks. . . . Under his government Joánnina became the literary capital of the Greek nation—colleges, libraries, and schools flourished and enjoyed independent endowments." Not, we may be sure, that he was personally interested, or gave direct help in such matters, but he allowed the wealthy Greeks to devote themselves and their money to what they felt to be the good cause, and we cannot doubt that their exertions conferred a real and lasting benefit on their nation. Let us hear the various witnesses as to the condition of Jánnina in his time and before it. Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of *Childe Harold*, commenting on a statement that "Athens is still (*i.e.*, in 1810) the most polished city of Greece," says:—

"Perhaps it may be of Greece, but not of the Greeks; for Joánnina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants."¹

Mr. Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), Byron's friend and fellow-traveller, speaks to the same effect, and gives some details as to the schools existing in the city. Dr.

(afterwards Sir Henry) Holland, says:—

"The Greeks of Joánnina are celebrated among their countrymen for their literary habits, and unquestionably merit the repute they have obtained from this source. The literature of the place is intimately connected with its commercial character. The wealth acquired by many of the inhabitants gives them the means of adopting such pursuits themselves, or encouraging them in others. . . . The extensive traffic of the Greeks of Joánnina is further a means of rendering this city a sort of mart for books, whence they are diffused over other parts of Greece."

He then describes the two academies in the city—the Gymnasium of Athanasius Psallida, then considered one of the first scholars of Greece, and well acquainted too with other countries and with all sides of a liberal education—and an academy, preparatory to the first, which was superintended by a certain Balanos, and mainly supported by the noble and patriotic family of the Zosi-mades, themselves Jánninites, whose work in this direction included the funds which enabled Koræas to form his Hellenic Library, and generally advance Greek learning.² Mr. Holland's account of the Greek society of the place, when we consider that it was written nine years before the revolution, shows that it really held at that time a position almost unique in Greece.³ M. Pouqueville, for many years French Consul-general at the court of Ali, adds his testimony to the same effect, and after enumerating their various educational institutions, &c., proceeds to name certain natives who had produced literary works, including Meletius, author of the *Geography* and *Ecclesiastical History*, and others whose

¹ It will be a point of interest to English readers to remember that the first canto of *Childe Harold* was commenced, as the author's diaries inform us, at this very Joánnina, on Oct. 31, 1809.

² The numerous instances of such well-directed generosity on the part of wealthy Greeks in assisting their needy countrymen to get a foreign education, and in founding schools and various other institutions, afford not the least encouraging sign of the future of the nation. Some idea of what has been done in this way may be gained from M. Mansolas' pamphlet *La Grèce à l'Exposition de Paris en 1878*.

³ Holland's *Travels* (1815), pp. 151, *seqq.*

labours lay in the less striking, but at that time for Greece no less necessary direction of compiling from, and translating, foreign works on history, mathematics, and natural science.¹

I will not weary my readers with more extracts, but hasten to conclude the historical sketch. During the last two years of Ali's rule, when he had been formally declared a rebel by the Porte, the city was many times sacked and burnt. Ali was killed in 1821, and from that time down to the administration of Mechmet Rehit Pasha in 1830, Jánnina was constantly exposed to the inroads of Albanians returning from the insurgent provinces of Greece, and was practically stripped of Christian inhabitants, some having taken refuge in foreign countries, others being engaged in the struggle for independence. When the Greek Kingdom was constituted, and, to the great disappointment of its old citizens, Jánnina excluded from the frontier, only a few of these found their way back, and the city was re peopled by Greek inhabitants from other parts of Epirus.

Since that time, in spite of the disadvantages of Turkish rule, learning has recovered the check given to it by so many years of devastation and oppression, and its present condition is a most remarkable instance of the thirst of the Greeks for education. The chief school or gymnasium for secondary instruction, founded by the brothers Zosimus in 1828, and still bearing their name (Zossiméon), contains 700 pupils; there are also in the city five schools of mutual instruction (a method first introduced at Jánnina), with 2,000 pupils, three girls' schools with over 400 pupils, two infants' schools, and a normal school in course of formation. Jánnina, being still Turkish soil, is not included in the list of educational centres given by M. Mansolas in his admirable little pamphlet, *La Grèce à l'Exposition Universelle de Paris en 1878*; but we may learn from

his pages that nearly 500 students from Epirus are now passing through the university of Athens. The sum spent by the city on its educational institutions out of legacies and endowments made for this purpose, has been estimated at nearly 6,000*l.* per annum. As regards population, though statistics under Turkish administration are always matters of uncertainty, we may say roughly that the city contains altogether about 19,000 inhabitants, of which 12,000 are Christian Greeks, 4,500 Mussulmen (Turks and Albanians), and about 2,500 Jews. Few cities in Europe, with proportionate population, can rival it in educational activity. The language universally spoken is Greek, Albanian and Vlachian being entirely confined to the country districts. This is so much the case that even the Turkish official gazette of the vilayet of Jánnina is called *Jánnina*, and printed in Greek.²

Before finally summing up the foregoing results, and indicating the conclusion to be drawn, a few words must be said about the Albanians, who have been more than once mentioned in the preceding pages, and can hardly be left out of the present question. Many theories have been promulgated as to their origin; some considering them to be Slavs who found their way into these parts from Mount Caucasus, others believing them to be descended from the ancient Illyrians. This latter view, which is the more probable, was held by Col. Leake, is not denied by Finlay, and forms the basis of a recent inquiry by the well-known geographer, Dr. H. Kiepert,

² The following sentence appeared in the above-mentioned gazette at the time of the Treaty of San Stefano:—"Epirus will never forget that she is the primeval Greece (*ἀρχαία Ἑλλάς*), the first halting place of Hellenism; that here were born letters and religion, hence disseminated over the rest of Greece." It may here be mentioned that Greek was the regular language at Ali Pasha's court, and all state documents were drawn up in a Greek letter from the Pasha to Lord Byron. A given (in facsimile) in Hobhouse's *Travels*.

¹ *Voyage de la Grèce*, vol. i. pp. 150, *seq.*

into the ethnography of Epirus.¹ Kiepert maintains that the old Greek inhabitants of Epirus—the descendants of the Molossians, and of the subjects of Pyrrhus—were mostly destroyed by the Slav invasions of the sixth and seventh centuries, and that the Greek element of to-day is due rather to the rapid re-hellenizing of the Morea and Central Greece in the ninth century by Greeks from Asia Minor. The Albanians, on the other hand, are descended from the ancient Illyrians, and are thus possibly remnants of the primitive population of the country. But in Southern Albania (or Epirus), which alone enters into the present question, they are, in his opinion, practically Greeks in language, in sympathy, and in ideas. Many of them were driven from the mountain regions of Epirus by the Turks between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, and formed colonies in Argolis, Attica, Boeotia, and Southern Eubœa, in no way now to be distinguished from the surrounding population. Their sympathy with Greek ideas is testified by the active and prominent part they took in the war of independence, several of the great leaders—Botzarès, Miaoules, and others—being Albanians by descent.²

Another distinguished writer, M. Albert Dumont, has an extremely curious and interesting chapter on the Albanians in his volume *Le Balkan et l'Adriatique* (1873), founded on personal observation and on full knowledge of the literature of the subject. He shows them to be of Indo-European descent, and possibly nearer akin to the Latins than the Greeks. In Northern Albania, which has never really

been conquered, they live a life of primeval simplicity, still maintaining customs which we associate with Homeric times and which curiously illustrate the childhood of the world. They have no alphabet, and make use, when they do attempt to commit words to writing, of Turkish or Greek letters indiscriminately. On the coasts, Greek and Albanian are equally spoken. In Southern Albania, and especially in the vilayets of Jánnina and Prevesa, the Greek element largely preponderates, and the Albanians mostly speak Greek, and are impregnated with Hellenism.³ This fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon just now, when we are hearing of an Albanian deputation to the Great Powers protesting against the cession of any part of Epirus to Greece.⁴ That these deputies represent the feeling of a majority of their countrymen in the districts under discussion is not for a moment to be believed. The more probable supposition is that they are merely ambitious politicians anxious for self-advancement, or acting under Turkish instigation.

¹ This division of the Albanians into Albanians pure and simple (in the north), half-and-half Albanians and Greeks (on the coasts), and Hellenized Albanians (in the south), is practically laid down by Hahn in his *Albanischen Studien*, the standard authority for the main features of the subject. The division corresponds to real divergence of character, the Southern Albanians, or Toschkes, being always distinguished from the Guègues of the north, though all alike are included under the general name of Skipetars. The difference of dialect too is very considerable.

² These deputies will shortly be in London. The *Daily News* of April 17 asserts, on apparently good authority, that they are all Mussulmans (and therefore presumably under Turkish influence); one is a native of Berat, a place considerably north of the disputed region; one is a cousin of the Turkish Minister at Rome, though his tenants are all Greeks; the third was disqualified as a commissioner in the frontier question by his well-known enmity to Greece. Epirote deputies are following on the heels of the Albanians, and the Greeks are so sure of their representing the true feeling of the population that they have offered to refer the matter to a plebiscite.

¹ Published in the Proceedings of the Gesellschaft für Erdkunde for 1878. (Vol. xiii. Part 3.)

² Nowhere at that time were greater sacrifices made, or more brilliant feats of heroism performed than in this part of Epirus, where we also find the Suliotes, whose long and glorious struggle against Turkish dominion is frequently referred to by Lord Byron and other contemporary writers. See especially Finlay, vol. vi. pp. 82, sqq.

In any case, statistics just published show that in the portion of Epirus proposed by the Congress for cession to Greece, viz., (the sandjaks of Jánnina and Prevesa), the Albanians only represent one-seventh of the population, the numbers being 190,770 Greek-speaking people against 55,900 Albanians, of whom 20,000 are Christians. The same table establishes the further fact that out of a total of 257,170 inhabitants, 206,700 are Christians, 46,700 Mussulmans, and 3,770 Jews.

What then is the moral of the facts hereinbefore laid down? We have seen that Jánnina, whose very name (*ἡ Ἰωάννινα*) is and always has been Greek, has through a long and chequered career constantly preserved its Greek character, so that even under Turkish rule Greek has been recognised as the official language. We have seen it preserving this language in unrivalled purity, taking the lead in the revival of its study, and keeping the torch of Greek culture steadily burning at a time when the rest of Greece was sunk in barbarism. We have seen it under its famous Albanian pasha deservedly regarded as the literary capital of the country. We have seen it, after the desolation caused by the noble struggle, in which its citizens shared (though refused in the end the very prize for which they had fought), rise again, phoenix-like, to a position second to none but Athens in the Greek kingdom, and in proportion to its size, second to few cities in the world. Can we wonder that Jánnina, with such a history, should aspire to union with the people for whom it has done so much? Can we wonder that that people feels indignant at the idea of its exclusion from the liberty they themselves enjoy, and resists the transfer of a seat of learning to a power which, from the burning of the Library of Alexandria to the present day, has been emphatically hostile to literature? That there are military reasons for the unwillingness of the Turks to give the place up we

can readily understand, but that such reasons should override the natural aspirations of a people longing to be free, and proved worthy of freedom, is an injustice which should not be tolerated by a generation which has seen with approval so many nations claiming and winning their rights of free existence. That our own country should be a party to such an act would surely rouse shame and indignation in every English breast. Nor can it be contended that to give Greece the territory recommended at the Berlin Congress would disturb the peace of Europe. The surest element of future ferment is to be found in natural aspirations unsatisfied. If it has been said that the achievement of a strong and united Italy is a pledge of peace to the whole south of Europe, such an assertion would, in its measure, be no less true in the case of Greece. Putting aside then our boasted sympathy with all lovers of liberty, our interests and our love of peace and quietness alike point to a support of the just claims of Greece as the surest means of attaining these ends, and the more so that even now, in spite of all that our Government has done to contradict such an idea, the Greeks persist in looking upon us as friends and allies. France is setting us the example of action which we should have been the first to initiate. Let us at least not hesitate to support her efforts. It is hard to believe that the Turks would not yield to such pressure as would thus be brought to bear upon them.¹

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

¹ The debate in the House of Commons on April 17th ought to have done much to show English people on which side their weight ought to be thrown. The admirable arguments of the opener, of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, of Mr. Gladstone, and of Sir Charles Dilke, could not be gainsaid, and the Government made no attempt to gainsay them. Though the motion was lost on division we may hope that something will now really be done.